





THE MAKING OF HIM.

STANDING LIKE A LION OVER HOOLE.

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# Tales of the Service.

## The Making of Him.

By WALTER WOOD.



GIVE him up," exclaimed the adjutant; "once and for ever I wash my hands of the man who's fit only for the clergy or the Guards. I've seen his like before in this regiment, and they've never got beyond sending in their papers after being the laughing-

stock of the Tommies for six months. Bah! call them officers—give a few more commissions to men like him and the service would be ruined in no time. It's been the will of Heaven that I should get a green lot of cubs to lick into the semblance of officers, but this one beats them all. And who is he? Who is this creature that did his recruits' drill as if God's earth and the uniform of the Queen weren't good enough to come in contact with his precious clay?"

"The Honourable Henry Bashford Leasome, youngest son of the Earl of Birkin," said Captain Hallbrook.

"Of course, we all know that," said the adjutant testily. "You know perfectly well what I meant, Hallbrook, only you like to be dense when you ought to be the reverse. We've had the man's family and title thrust down our throats enough to choke us. I hate that sort of nonsense, and there's been too much of it."

"It's interesting to read about him in the Peerage, though," said the youngest subaltern fatuously.

"If," said the adjutant bluntly; "if some men knew half as much of their drill-book as they know of a lying work on pedigrees, they'd be a lot cleverer officers than they are now."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," stammered the young man; "I thought you were asking me, and you looked at me when you spoke."

"That raises the point," said the doctor from the 21st Division of the Medical Staff Corps, who regarded everything literally and upon whom sarcasm and humour were alike wasted, "that raises the point as to whether, if you look at a cat or a horse when you put a query, you expect the animal to give you an answer. Now——"

"Some other time, Brodie, I beg of you," interrupted Hallbrook gently. "Suppose for the present you try one of my cigars, and give a medical opinion on it—eventually? Now, Callam, finish what you've got to say about the latest performance of that Honourable What's-His-Name."

"It isn't that the last is any worse than the first," said the adjutant plaintively; "but I'm sick of him generally. I feel it a lot more than you fellows."

"Of course," Hallbrook agreed sympathetically; "it's one of the drawbacks of your position. It isn't right that you, as adjutant, should have the shaping, so to speak, of the unfledged military instincts of the new Johnnies."

"If there were any military instincts to develop," returned Callam. "I shouldn't mind; but there's nothing in this case to work on. He hasn't the making even of a militiaman in him."

"Or a volunteer," suggested Hallbrook.

"Or a volunteer," proceeded the adjutant. "There's nothing about him to inspire a particle of hope."

"Frogs grow out of tadpoles," said the doctor.



"Confound it, Brodie," exclaimed Hallbrook, with a laugh, "give Callam a chance."

"At any rate, say something to the point," snapped the adjutant.

"That's to the point—strictly," insisted the doctor. "The analogy's perfect."

"Without discussing that subject," continued the adjutant, with growing ill-temper, "am I to have *my* say, or is it the wish of you fellows to hear someone else."

"Go on," urged Hallbrook, "this concerns the welfare of the regiment; tadpoles don't."

The adjutant smiled, but the doctor, who saw nothing in the remark affecting him, smoked with undisturbed woodenness of visage.

"You all know what Leasome's done so far?" resumed the adjutant. "You know what promise *he's* given of ever becoming fit to discharge the duties of an officer?"

"He's shown that he hasn't the making of a corporal in him," said Hallbrook encouragingly.

"Or a curate at a second-rate church," remarked a subaltern, whose opinion was not wanted.

"A man who doesn't stand his ruxing *like* a man," put in the youngest subaltern, "isn't the sort of fellow for ours."

No one took any notice of the junior; and for this reason, and bearing in mind his unhappy failure as to the peerage, he kept silence.

"I've borne with him and argued with him," went on the adjutant virtuously, twirling his moustache; "I've refrained a dozen times at least from showing what I thought of him; in a word, I've done my best to make a man of him. And what's the end of it all?"

"You couldn't," said the doctor.

"No; and even *you*, Brodie, with all your science and that sort of thing, couldn't," replied Callam, with the suspicion of a sneer.

"There's nobody could," he added defiantly.

"I don't think any man would so far forget himself as to assert that he could," said Hallbrook. "I think if *you've* failed, you, who have licked so many unpromising youngsters into shape"—the speaker glanced slyly at the dumb subaltern—"we may rest assured that it's all up a tree with Leasome."

"I've every reason to believe," continued the adjutant, "that the colonel, who's watched him closely, and isn't a bit satisfied with his general way of doing things, will either recommend the Staff Corps or arrange a transfer to the 2nd Battalion at the Cape."

"Where the climate or snakes and niggers might end him," observed Hallbrook.

"As to the climate of South Africa, which I am personally acquainted with," said the doctor, "it has many excellent features —"

"Snakes and niggers haven't," interrupted the adjutant. "But if either climate or creatures can make more out of him than we've made, *I* shall be delighted. None more so."

"He's an uncommon creature and wants uncommon means of bringing himself out," urged the doctor. "Just as fever can be brought out by bad drains, so a human being can be roused to action and made to show at his best by exceptional circumstances. I'm certain, for instance, that if anyone cared to kick Leasome on parade, he'd know the reason why before his leg was on the ground again."

"This is too ridiculous even for argument's sake," complained the adjutant. "Why not keep to the point?"

"And the point is," said Hallbrook. "here's a man whose policy is *nil admirari*;



"I'VE DONE MY BEST TO MAKE A MAN OF HIM."



who can't get up interest even in a bull-pup or a *première danseuse*; whom the redoubtable Callam has at last chucked over as a hopeless case—what's to become of him?"

"Send him back to his mamma with the compliments of the corps," suggested a voice from the corner.

"I don't think he's got a heart within his ribs," said the adjutant, scornfully ignoring the last remark.

The doctor again spoke. "Callam," he said gravely, "expresses an opinion that has no basis to rest on. As applied to a jelly-fish the observation would hold good; for that creature, so far as my experience goes, has neither heart nor ribs. But as concerning Leasome, it's wrong. He *has* a heart, and not only that, but as good and sound an organ as I ever came across. I should say it's the soundest heart in the regiment. I've examined it most carefully, both with and without the stethoscope; in short, I've made a special study of it, and I'm prepared as a surgeon to say —"

"Pardon me, Brodie," said Hallbrook blandly; "this isn't a lecture-room or a museum of anatomy."

"It's ridiculous to fasten literally on everything one says," protested the adjutant. "If a man can't see what I'm aiming at, it isn't my duty to drive the meaning into him."

"Go on, Callam," said Hallbrook, "never mind hearts and jelly-fish."

"I've done in a moment," resumed the adjutant. "I don't know for a fact what the chief's intentions are, but I believe that Leasome will accompany the next draft to the Cape."

"Where he'll either end or mend, I hope," said Hallbrook.

"If either, it'll be the former," said the adjutant.

"You can never tell, Callam; it may be the making of him."

"You'll never make anything useful out of him except one thing."

"And what's that?" asked Hallbrook.

"A corpse," replied the adjutant grimly.

"A corpse," observed the doctor slowly, "is as useful a thing as you'll come across in a day's journey."

"I think," said Hallbrook, rising, "I'd like a breath of fresh air."

## II.

"There's a youngster with the draft," wrote the chief of the 1st Battalion to the



"THERE'S A YOUNGSTER WITH THE DRAFT,"  
WROTE THE COLONEL.

colonel of the 2nd, "to whom I wish to call your special notice. I want you to see what you can do with him. We've given him up here; he's a trifle beyond us. He takes the men's salute as a sort of birthright, and all that kind of thing; and, so far as I have been able to judge, cannot be roused to action of any sort. He comes of a phlegmatic stock and, between ourselves, I think he is out of his element in the army. Do as you think fit; I leave him in your hands. He may have the making of a soldier in him, if you can discover what means to adopt to bring his qualities out. If you succeed, you will do more than we've been able to accomplish here."

The letter arrived at the Cape with the draft, and the colonel looked curiously at his charge. "Um," he said, folding up the paper, "his most pressing need seems to be a bit of reconnaissance work, with the prod of an assegai thrown in."

Time passed, but brought no change in the subaltern, until one day, when the sun was hotter and the air stiller and heavier than it had been since he went out from home, he was looking through the opening of his tent at the figure of Private Joseph Hoole, who was on guard. The sentry was leaning on his Martini, the butt of which was on the ground, and the bayonet moved gently forward and backward, glistening in the sun as it did so. Hoole was motionless, and the officer as he gazed at him muttered: "I wonder,

suppose the thing went off, if his head would be blown to atoms, or only have a hole shot through it, and whether he'd stand over his rifle in that way till *rigor mortis* set in? And I wonder — What's that? Ah," he added abruptly, rising and taking up a revolver.

Leasome left his tent and walked towards the sentry. As he approached Hoole drew himself smartly up, and resumed his beat.

"Not quick enough that time," murmured the officer, with a smile. "I either caught you napping, or you've got no eyes. Hoole," he said, when the sentry had returned to the spot at which the subaltern was standing, "did you see anything wrong straight in front?"

"Not a vestige of anything, sir," replied the soldier.

"And do you know why?" asked the officer.

"There was nothing to see, sir," answered the sentry.

"Because your eyes were shut; you were having forty winks while leaning on your rifle," said the subaltern coolly.

A gleam of anger shone in the sentry's eyes, and he had it upon his tongue to tell the officer that he lied. But the instinct of discipline was strong within him, and he made no sound.

"If you'd been awake," said the subaltern softly, "you would have seen, as I saw from my tent, one or two niggers taking stock of us through the long grasses in front there. They disappeared as soon as I came up."

The bronzed face of the sentry paled for an instant before he asked:

"And you saw that, sir?"

"I did," replied Leasome.

"I'm an old soldier, as old soldiers go in these days," said Hoole simply, "an' my time's up in a few weeks, sir. I wouldn't like to leave the old regiment with a discharge that wasn't what it ought to be."

"No one saw it but myself," answered the officer, "and unless you make it known, no one will ever be the wiser as to what might have happened on a certain broiling afternoon at the Cape."

"I thank you, sir," said Hoole, and he shouldered as his superior departed.

That night when he made ready for sleep, he listened for a moment to Private Arthur Widdas, an East Coast man, who had forced himself to the front as the orator of the tent. Widdas, in the old days, was a cork-cutter, and those who knew him best called him Corky. He preached Socialism, not knowing what it meant, and this particular night he enlarged on the iniquity of a system that made it impossible for a man of his own attainments to rise to the rank of a commander-in-chief. "I can't become a field-marshal," he said, "or even a bloomin' general; but that feller Leasome 'as the chance of becomin' both or either. I can pickcher him, duffer as 'e is, in a cocked 'at an' feathers, an' sash, an' all the rest of it, with talent and beauty smilin' on all 'e cares to say or do. An' as for us, wot are we—wot's a Tommy side by side wi' such a feller as the Mighty Snob?"

"Corky," said Hoole, speaking for the first time, "Liftenant Leasome isn't a snob at all, an' he's no duffer. He's got the making of a soldier in him. If, after this, I hear you call 'im snob again, I'll chuck you neck-and-crop out o' the tent.

And if any other man would care to follow Corky let him do the same thing."

With this, Hoole went to sleep, and Widdas and his comrades, marvelling silently, did the same.



"WHAT'S THAT?"





TALKING WITH PRIVATE HOOLE.

They noticed in the battalion after this, that though the subaltern cared but little for the society of his brother officers, he made a point of finding and talking with Private Hoole when both were off duty. "There's a lot to be learned from a seasoned rank and file man, if a youngster only cares to find it out," said Leasome to himself.

"Hobnobbing with a Tommy!" exclaimed the senior major, when the full horror of the situation forced itself upon him; "Confound it, what's the service coming to?"

### III.

"I want you, Mr Leasome," said the colonel, "to undertake a bit of reconnoitring work. A nasty little tribe, as you know, has been hovering about here lately, and may bother us if not checked at once. Find out all you can, and keep your few men—they're the pick of the battalion—well in hand. Don't allow yourself to be surprised or cornered, and don't hesitate to retire in case of need. The work needs care and tact, and if you do it well it will be a feather in your cap against our return home in a few weeks. I shall expect to see you all here again this side of forty-eight hours."

"Not a man shall be missing, sir," answered the subaltern.

"A bigger promise than I should care to give," thought the colonel; "but if he

keeps it and performs his task we shall have laid the foundation of the making of him."

Privates Hoole and Widdas were of the party; and when the little camp was pitched for the night and Widdas had his pipe between his teeth, after a large supper, he became talkative. "Joseph," he said, "wot the 'el does this chumminess between you and the liftenant mean? Is 'e a long-lost brother that you've found, or 'as 'e robbed you of your birthright an' wants to square you? Was you swapped as kids by a wicked nuss, an'——"

"I've told you before, Corky, to talk civilly o' Mr. Leasome," said Hoole. "I

tell you once more—is that enough?"

"I'm perfectly respectful, Joseph," returned Widdas—"couldn't think o' bein' otherwise to a friend o' yours; I'm puzzled, dam'd bad, though, to know wot it means. It isn't the thing for a commissioned officer to do the cheek-by-jowl business with a private. An' you're so ugly, too, Joseph—pardon me for sayin' it, wile 'e's so uncommon 'andsome. Is it a case o' extremes meet, I wonder?"

"It will be if you don't shut up," said Hoole significantly. "Put a stopper on your tongue, and let's go to sleep. We sha'n't ha' many more nights to spend in this part of the world—for which the Lord be praised."

"Amen," said Widdas. "Though I'm not for saying' it isn't like a little 'eavin' below at present. Look at the stars blinkin', an' note the loveliness o' the clouds. Look at the beauty of all natur'—listen to the wild beasts; damn 'em, they spoil the poetry o' the thing."

"There's no poetry in it like a glimpse o' home," said Hoole. "I haven't seen the old country for nigh ten year; and I feel as if I should go crazy if anything turned up now to prevent me going back with the battalion."

"Pooh," said Widdas scornfully, "there's nothing 'ere. This is only a picnic. It's time flung away to send a party out becos one or two greasy niggers 'ave bin prowlin' near the camp. It's just the



sort of work, though, to put on to a youngster like the lieutenant—there's no strain on 'is faculties. I wouldn't like to be under him if it came to a dust."

"He'd pull us through," said Hoole. "He's not the duffer you think—look at the spot he's chosen for us to camp on—there isn't a man could approach on any side without bein' seen. The colonel couldn't ha' done better."

"He's never proved that 'e's not a duffer," insisted Widdas.

"He's never had the chance; just because he's been a quiet sort an' hasn't busted after women an' played the fool in quarters, a lot o' clever folks think he's nothing in him."

"You seem to know, Joseph," said Widdas, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "'an that ought to be enough for a ridgment. So long."

"So long," returned Hoole, and the two lay down to rest.

"Wot the devil's this?" exclaimed Widdas, starting from sleep just before the sun rose.

"Wake up an' fall in," said Hoole, "the niggers are here—they've driven the sentries in."

"They might ha' let a feller finish 'is sleep," growled Widdas, seizing his Martini, and taking his place in the ranks.

"How many do you say there are?" Leasome was asking.

"At least a hundred, sir," replied one of the sentries. "Straight in front, there, between us and the camp."

"And here's a greeting from them," said the officer, coolly, as a shower of assegais came through the gloom. "Steady, men, they've fallen short. *That* sort of thing won't hurt us. It'll be daylight soon, and then we'll sweep the road of them."

"Unless they wipe the floor with us first," muttered Widdas.

Another cloud of spears whizzed towards the party, and one or two curses showed that they had not been without effect.

"Anyone hurt?" asked the officer.

"I'm pricked on the

shoulder, sir," said one man; "but nothing to cry about."

"My 'elmet's badly damaged, sir," said another, "but I've a thick 'ead."

Leasome laughed aloud. "That's the way to do it, men; keep a stout heart, and save your cartridges."

"Never 'eard 'im laugh afore," whispered Widdas to Hoole. "I'm beginnin' to believe in 'im, after all."

"They're all in front, so we've got them, if it comes to that," said the subaltern cheerfully. "They'll not attack till daylight, if they attack at all, for they don't much love Martinis. We're not a train of emigrant waggons, and we've no oxen with us. So they can't get much out of us. As for arms and ammunition, if that's what our black friends are wanting, they shall be amply satisfied—only they'll get them in a rather different fashion than they'd choose if they had the say in the matter. If you care to talk a bit, just to while away the time, you may; but keep a sharp look out."

"This style o' doin' things isn't laid down in the drill-book," whispered a rear-rank man. "Stand at ease an' let yourselves be butchered isn't in the regulations either."

"Beer an' skittles to pass the time wouldn't come amiss," said his comrade.

"I'm watchin' this young cock with interest," said another. "He seems to think we're out for rabbit shootin'."

"Corky," said Private Hoole, in a low voice, "I'm thinkin' it's come at last. We're cornered now—we're like rats in a hole, an' there's no way out except the one we came."

"It isn't quite so much of a picnic as I thought it would be, Joseph, certainly," responded Widdas, also in subdued tones. "With all respect to everybody, from the lieutenant down to myself, we're in a pretty mess."

"Corky," said Hoole earnestly, "do you ever pray?"

"Wot a question to ask a feller," replied Widdas uneasily, "at a time when 'e can 'ardly find words to cuss with."



"FALL IN."

"Because, if you do," continued Hoole, "pray now."

"Why?" demanded Widdas, fumbling with a cartridge pouch.

"Because," said Hoole deliberately, "you're a dead man; we're all dead men."

Widdas shuddered.

"But don't mind that, Corky; don't bother on that score. After all, death's a thing that's bound to come to all of us, sooner or later. I've allus felt the truth o' that, quite separate from what the parson's told us."

Widdas stared stupidly, but before he could frame an answer Hoole continued, "An' yet I could ha' wished to leave the army wi' my bit o' pension when my time

matted with sweat, lay upon his brow, and a three day's beard was upon his jaws and chin. "Ah! my God, Corky," he resumed, "if you could feel as I feel now your heart would burst your ribs an' your brain would burst the skull that holds it. *You've* got no one left behind awaitin' you, an' got no home to go to even if you left the army."

"There's a woman's 'eart as would be as sorely torn for me as there would be for you, Joseph," said Widdas, speaking at last, but with a great lump in his throat. "For Gawd's sake, though, don't make me think o' 'er just now, or I shall run amuck, as I've seen 'em do in the Andamming Islands."

"Look yonder, Corky," said Hoole,



"WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN."

was up; I could ha' wished to get back home again an' see the old folks. They're reckoning up the time when I'll be back, Corky, an' they're makin' ready the room I had afore I 'listed. I know all this, because I see 'em now. But it can't be, it can't be, this journey; I'll ha' to wait 'till I can see 'em somewhere else. An' one thing more, Corky; I could ha' wished that God would ha' let me die in better fashion nor this. I was up in Afghanistan an' out in Egypt, an' saw most o' what was doin', an' here I am, waitin' death at the hands of a pack o' savages—not so much glory in it as there is even in expeditionin' up in Burmah."

Private Hoole paused for a moment, and in the growing light gazed earnestly in his comrade's face. His helmet was tilted back upon his head, locks of hair,

turning his face in the direction of the enemy, but seeing nothing of them, for his eyes were fixed steadily on the heavens.

"Well, wot of it, Joseph?"

"Don't you see it?"

"See *it*—see wot?"

"There's only *one* thing you can see—an' there it is, hangin' over all things, spreadin' like the cholera, swoopin' on so like a ridgiment o' cavalry."

"Damnation!" exclaimed Widdas, clenching his teeth and trembling with an unknown fear; "wot are you talkin' about? I see nothin' but a 'orde o' niggers gettin' ready for a swoop."

"It's comin' nearer an' nearer," said Hoole.

"Wot is?" demanded Corky, in a frenzy of fearful curiosity.

"The shadow of death, my comrade,"



said Hoole. "The shadow of death. It's fallin' on us now."

"My man," said a quiet voice at Hoole's elbow.

The private turned, and met the eyes of his officer.

"You owe me a good turn," said Leasome, "I want you to repay it now."

"Name it, sir," said Hoole. "I'll do it if it costs my life."

"Simply be yourself," said Leasome. "If the men knew that you were faltering we should be lost. The blacks are coming down upon us."

"I'm not falterin' sir," said Hoole, "it was only the fit of a moment. I don't know what brought it on. I didn't know you were near—you can depend on me an' all of us to the death."

"That I know as surely as I feel that we shall all pull through and get to camp again," said Leasome. "Steady, men, and make ready," he said aloud. "Not a shot until I give the word."

By this time day had broken, and the assailants were spreading in a sort of circle. A strong section remained motionless and looked curiously at the little band of redcoats. One of their number was making explanatory signs with his arm.

"He's tellin' 'em to hem us in," muttered Hoole. "My first shot's for you, my friend."

"Remember," said Leasome once more. "Not a man fires till they charge us, then the front rank will fire, sure and low, and bowl them over."

It was done as he commanded.

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"It all 'appened in the twinklin' of an eye, sir," said Private Widdas, as he stood stiffly at attention before his colonel in the orderly tent.

"Go on," said the chief.

The soldier continued: "We waited till they weren't more than fifty yards off; then we sent a volley in, an' bowled a dozen to the ground. Just then the lieutenant shouted to the rear rank to right about face, and give a dose to another party which 'ad worked round to the rear. They shot 'em fair and square, an' the

rifles worked so well, there was no gettin' near us for the niggers. Both ranks kept at it nice and steady, sir, an' there weren't a chance o' the niggers' pig-stickers—beggin' pardon for using the word afore you, sir—their assegays, doin' serious mischief. Mr. Leasome, at last, gives the order for us to advance slowly, an' we come on towards the main body, sir, usin' the baynick freely. The enemy was fallin' back as we came on, an' I do believe they would 'ave gone about their business, 'avin' 'ad enough of it, w'en one of 'em, a giant, wi' nothin' on, runs amuck an' rushes at us, 'owlin', and wavin' his spear in one 'and an' 'oldin' aloft 'is shield in the other. 'Oole potted 'im nicely, an' 'e fell in a 'eap. Then they swept on us like a' avalanche, an' before we could re-load it was baynick an' assegay doin' their level best agen each other, an' men shoutin' an' groanin' an' swearin' in a cloud o' smoke an' dust. I thought we'd all pulled through wi' only bloody arms an' 'eads an' legs; but w'en we'd done wi' baynicks, an' were formin' up a bit, I looked back, an' saw Mr. Leasome standin' like a lion over 'Oole, an' 'avin' at the niggers with 'is sword."

Widdas paused for a moment to gulp down the lump in his throat.

"'Oole 'ad slipped, sir, an' gawne down, an' the men not seein' it 'ad passed on. Before they could give a 'elpin' 'and, officer and private were done for, an' it was all we could do to bring 'em with us till we met a party from the camp. The sergeant an' the corporal can tell you more w'en they're out o' hospital, sir. The sergeant was sayin', sir, that Mr. Leasome 'ad sworn to bring every man back that 'e took with 'im, an' that that was one reason w'y 'e rushed away an' picked up 'Oole in 'is arms. But the men say that wasn't everything—that 'e was one o' the true sort, after all, w'en 'e 'ad the chance o' showin' it."

"You may go, Widdas," said the Colonel kindly. "I know enough."

"And so," he added, when alone, "we've been—ah! my God! the pity of it—we've been the making of him!"



# *Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.*

*By* FREDERICK DOLMAN.

*With Illustrations from Drawings by Mr. Lockwood and Miss Lucy Lockwood,  
and Photographs by Reynolds, of Scarborough, and Debenham, of York.*

TO see Mr. Frank Lockwood really at home, one has to journey to Cloughton, a village five miles from Scarborough, where he has built himself a picturesque residence on the sea-coast at which to spend the leisure left him by law, politics, and society. In London the popular Q.C. and M.P. is but a bird of passage from his chambers to the Courts, from the Courts to the House, and from the House to a political meeting or some social gathering; and very little is the time that he can spend in his family nest at Lennox Gardens, Chelsea. You may encounter him in the lobby of St. Stephen's or the corridor of the Royal Palace; you may even have a hurried "consultation" with him at Paper Buildings, or enjoy his society with many others at a dinner party; but only an invitation to Cober Hill will enable you to spend a day of free and uninterrupted intercourse with him. Then he meets one at the little station on the Scarborough and Whitby Railway attired in shooting costume, with gaiters and billycock, ruddy contentment on his face, and a hearty welcome in his hand and eye.

Then, in the course of the ten minutes' walk to his house, he explains how he delights in spending here every day of the "Long;" how, in shooting and riding and rambling, he lays up the stores of energy which enable him throughout the greater part of the year to lead this terribly busy life in London, keeping the while his spirits jovial and the glow of health on his face. How, for many years, he had been in the habit of coming to Scarborough for the shooting he rented from Lord Derwent; and how one day he resolved

to make a home for his family on these breezy and invigorating lands. By the time one has passed through the clean and comfortable-looking village, and reached the hill on which Mr. Lockwood's residence stands, one realises that, although it is scarcely four years old, he has for it an affection greater than that entertained by the owner of many a much older and more pretentious edifice.

It is a large, square-set building, having only two storeys and a tiled, sloping roof. "Although it is built on a rock," remarks Mr. Lockwood, as we enter a large and lofty hall, "we had at first to pull the house down and



MR. LOCKWOOD IN WIG AND GOWN.

build it up afresh. The house, when I bought it, was of the bungalow order, the rooms being all on a level, and as the foundation had been laid merely in the vegetable soil on the surface of the rock, it wouldn't stand the weight of an additional storey. It was rather a disheartening beginning, was it not?"

In the hall my attention is first attracted by Herkomer's portrait of my host,

hanging amid a number of horns, tusks, and other trophies of the chase, and having as its artistic counterpart a picture of two dogs, by Calderon, which was in last year's Academy. I am admiring the pictures as I divest myself of an overcoat and exchange my town umbrella for a good and substantial oak stick—one of a numerous assortment standing by the door. In response to Mr. Lockwood's suggestion that we should have "a look round the place" before lunch, we stroll first into

the garden, out into the pasture land, where the foal of the old mare which for many years carried Mr. Lockwood from Lennox Gardens to the Temple every morning is peacefully grazing, together with the donkey, the property of his little girl, which is remarkable for having the lower part of its legs striped like a zebra's. On the brow of the hill—where but for Mrs. Lockwood's fear that the breeze might at times be unpleasantly

strong, the distinguished advocate would have built his house—we have a really fine view of both land and sea, extending to Scarborough, and beyond Scarborough to Flamborough Head.

Then we visit the stables, where I am introduced to several good animals that are ridden and driven by Mr. Lockwood and his wife and his elder daughter. Mr. Lockwood's love of a horse is almost pro-

verbial, and he is ever ready for a good bargain.

"Only this summer," he tells me, "I came all the way from London to a place near Doncaster in order to see what I had been informed was a really fine hack. When I got there, and the horse was led out from the stable for my inspection, the wretched creature was lame."

Mr. Lockwood told me of another horse that he had had, a good animal, but very untrustworthy in harness.

"One day I had driven to a place a few miles from

here, and put it up at an inn. When it was brought out to be hitched on to my trap, the coachman and the ostler between them managed to let the animal go, and she bolted along the road towards Cloughton at a break-neck speed. My man started in pursuit, but, as I told him, he might just as well have tried to overtake the 'Flying Dutchman.' I was afraid that Mrs. Lockwood might be walking about here, and seeing the

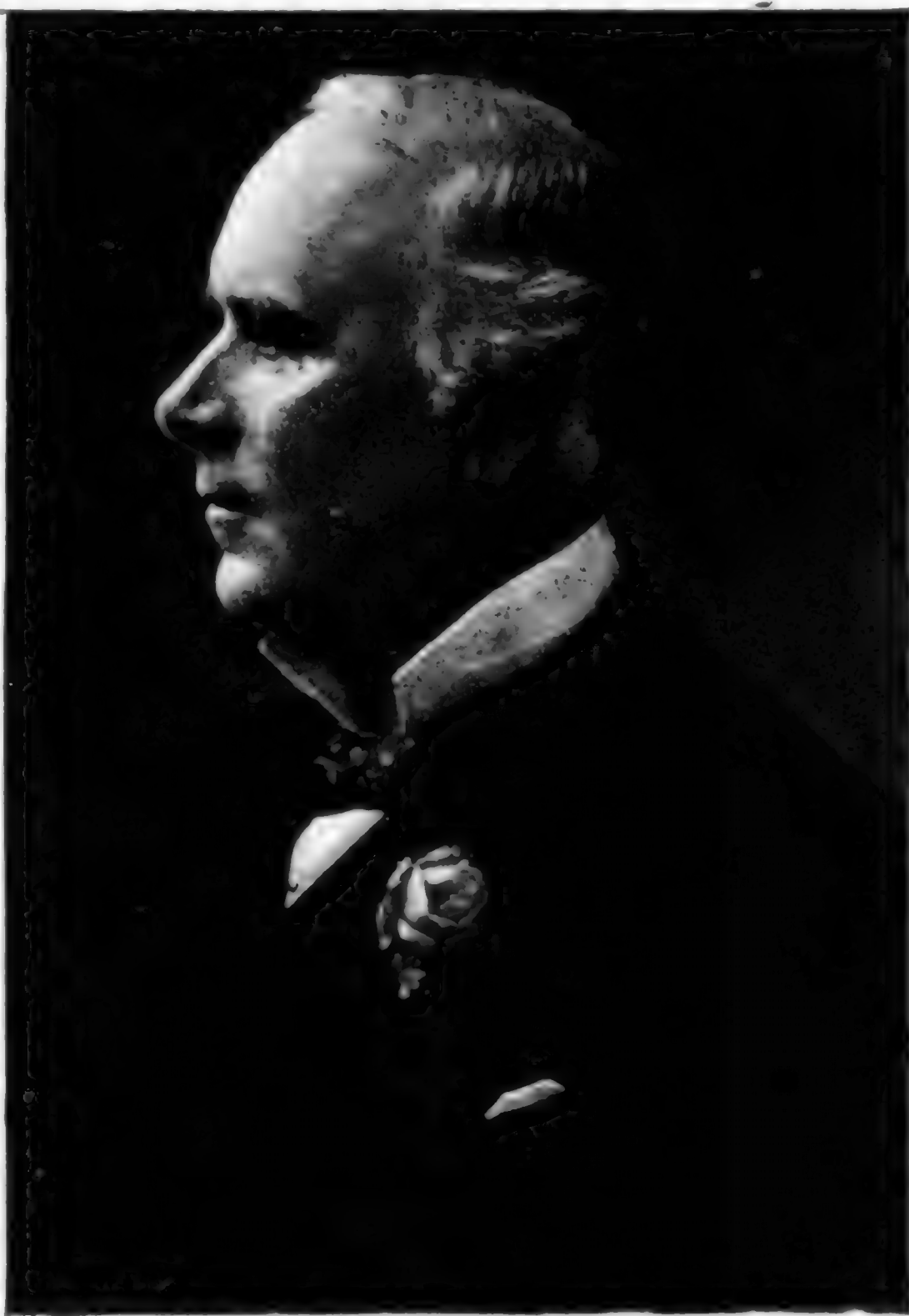


Photo by]

MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

[Debenham, York.



From a Sketch by]

MR. LOCKWOOD'S RESIDENCE, CODER HILL, SCARBOROUGH.

[Miss Lucy Lockwood.

horse rushing along with its harness, conclude that a serious accident had occurred. Sure enough she was, and when getting entangled in the reins, the horse threw itself down, not far from here, and got badly hurt in the fall, they came and fetched her. Mrs. Lockwood saw at once it was the horse with which I had started out, but looking at the traces, she said calmly, 'There cannot have been an accident to the trap, because the traces are all right. If there had been, the horse must have broken them in getting away.' I thought that was very smart of her, immediately thinking of this under the circumstances."

"Just the sort of point that is so useful sometimes in a law court."

"Quite so. It was with this horse that I had an accident in London, returning from the House of Commons to dinner. It bolted, and smashed the brougham up against a cabman's shelter. Fortunately, neither the coachman nor I was injured, but I thought the horse was so injured that I offered him to a bystander as he lay for £5. If the offer had been accepted he would have made a good profit on the transaction, for, after all, I sold the animal for £30."

As Mr. Lockwood frankly confesses, he is fonder of his horses and his shooting than of any other feature in rural life.

His gardens, etc., consist of just about twenty acres, and he has resisted various blandishments to add to his little estate for the purpose of stock-raising and other things, that make up the life of the typical squire. Even his vineries and greenhouses are left entirely in the hands of his gardener, and the poultry he never discusses till the time of its arrival on the dinner-table.

With sharpened appetites we turned into the house for luncheon, where Mrs. Lockwood, her sister-in-law and younger daughter were already at the table. Mrs. Lockwood began telling me about what her husband is too modest to mention—the presentation of the freedom of York to the barrister who has represented it in Parliament for eight years, and who, with the two remarkable exceptions of their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York, is the first to receive such an honour for a great number of years.

"They were most kind about it," says Mr. Lockwood, "and all parties combined for the purpose; in fact, my political opponents behaved in such a manner that, at the time, I felt as if I could never fight them again."

Mrs. Lockwood, it would seem, is no less popular in the ancient city than her



husband. Politically, as President of the York Women's Liberal Association, she has given her husband, of course, and her husband's cause all the aid in her power, but, politics apart, she is a welcome figure in York.

"My wife," says Mr. Lockwood playfully, "has become quite an experienced platform speaker." And then—for the fiftieth time, as the lady avers—he tells the story of a little contretemps which had befallen her on a recent occasion.

"My wife had to make a presentation, and so she prepared and learned a nice little speech. But when the eventful moment came, the lady to whom the testimonial was made took the present from her hands so promptly, that she could not get out more than the first few words of her address. If I had been Mrs. Lockwood," added the Q.C. gaily, "I should have found out the reporters, and delivered the speech to them. She didn't know this little trick, you see."

"The trick is sometimes a risky one," resumed Mr. Lockwood, after a pause. Some time ago I read in the *Times* the report of a speech I had never heard, although I was in the House all the time it was supposed to have been delivered. The speech, too, contained a very severe criticism upon something I had said. More as a bit of fun than anything, when I got to the House I went up to the Speaker's chair, and asked Mr. Peel whether it was not a breach of privilege for a newspaper to report a speech which had not been delivered containing an attack upon another member. Certainly, replied the Speaker very gravely. He advised me, however, not to take any notice of the circumstance, which, of course, I never intended doing. Somehow or other, however, Mr. Waddy happened to hear of it, and he declared that he would bring the

matter before the House. However, he was persuaded to abandon the intention. Of course, the thing had a very simple explanation: a Tory member had his speech already written out, and in order to facilitate its reporting, sent a copy up to the gallery for the use of the *Times*. But, unhappily, he forgot a portion of it; nevertheless the report, somehow or other, got into the leading journal."

"Mr. Waddy probably thought," I remark, "that it was an opportunity of paying out an old score."

"Oh, there is no truth in that well-circulated story of my going to hear Mr. Waddy preach. I have never yet had the



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM, CODER HILL.

[Reynolds, Scarborough.

opportunity of hearing him in the pulpit; I should very much like to do so."

The bright sunshine is streaming through the oriel windows, a pretty arched verandah notwithstanding, and it again attracts us out, Mr. Lockwood proposing a stroll through the village, with a call by the way at the schools, the reading-room and the church.

Passing down a path by some handsome plants and shrubs, we reach the high road and enter the schools—a good-looking building recently erected by the new village School Board. The boys are just having their drawing lesson, so Mr. Lockwood is soon interested in examining their classic designs of varying degrees of merit. Many of the urchins are evidently well



A SKETCH BY MISS LOCKWOOD OF HER FATHER'S STUDY AT COBER HILL.

known to him, and he addresses them by their Christian names, while his kindly criticisms are evidently warmly appreciated.

"Some of this work," he says to me, "is really excellent, considering the circumstances."

"But is this system of teaching a good one? I have heard it said by artists that, in the teaching of drawing, children should always be required to exercise their memory."

"There may be something in that view. For myself, although I was taught at school in this way, I have never been able to draw in any other way than from memory. For instance, if I wished to make a portrait of you, I should not be able to do so by looking at you; I should have to do it by what I remembered of you. But this is not the method of the artists, of course. For one thing, they can always obtain the models they require. Even the caricaturists, I believe, never sketch as I sketch—from what I remember of the subject."

"This reading-room," says Mr. Lockwood, as a few moments later we

enter a rather old and dilapidated little cottage, is only a tentative experiment; but it has been so successful that a new one is to be built. The thing is entirely managed by the members. In Cloughton the people are of an independent spirit—owing, perhaps, to the absence of a Squire. I furnished the place for them, but it is almost entirely supported by the members' subscriptions."

We were in a small, square apartment, containing the principal

daily and weekly newspapers, the only other occupant being a young labourer, to whom Mr. Lockwood turns when I question him concerning the details of the institution. In the upper room are some shelves of books and a bagatelle board. On the wall are notices relating to the village cricket club, of which Mr. Lockwood is a member.

"Bob Reid and I played for Cloughton in a match against Hackness some time ago, of which Sir Charles Russell, who was also my guest at the time, was a spectator. If Asquith had been here, the quartette of the Parnell Commission would have been complete."



From a Photo by]

THE HALL, COBER HILL.

[Reynolds, Scarborough.



Mr. Lockwood then takes me to see Cloughton Wyke, one of the picturesque openings in the coast between Scarborough and Whitby, with which visitors to either place are doubtless familiar. As we walk down to the beach we speak of the Bar and its attractions as a profession.

"It is a profession full of such fierce competition," the distinguished advocate says, contemplating the ceaseless roll of the waves.

"But the same can be said, nowadays, of pretty well all professions."

"Yes, but at the Bar the competition is so personal. You may be fighting your nearest and dearest friend, trying to score points against him for the sake of winning your case and raising your reputation."

"But it has such splendid prizes."

"Yes, and I always say that at the Bar merit is almost sure to make its mark. Still, if I had a son I don't think I should advise him to enter his father's profession, even though he was not unfitted for it."

"Ah, that is what all fathers say," and I smile incredulously. "I saw the other day that Mr. Walter Besant was complaining of the excessive cost of becoming a barrister. He put it at £1000,—an extravagant figure, was it not?"

"Very. Nothing like that amount need be spent, especially since the new rule came into force which enables a solicitor to don wig and gown a year after he has been admitted. This is an economical, and in many ways, advisable method of going to the Bar—by becoming a solicitor first. But in any case, whether a young man comes from the University or not, he can keep his terms for three years and get 'called' at a much smaller figure than Mr. Besant mentioned. Of course, it would be easy enough for a young man to spend the money in that time, and without living in very luxurious style either. But he can live comfortably, and not spend more than half."

"Do you include the fee for reading in chambers, Mr. Lockwood?"

"Well, it is by no means absolutely necessary that a man should read in chambers. If he will frequently attend the Courts, and attentively listen to cases, besides sticking to his books, he will probably do as well without. Of course, if the expenditure of an extra hundred is of no consequence, it may be just as well for

a young man to read in chambers. But then the benefit he derives from it depends upon the barrister to whose chambers he goes, for, as you know, there are some barristers with as many pupils as a fashionable musician. The best course is to go to the chambers of a junior who is shortly going to take 'silk.' By the time his 'coach' becomes a Q.C. he will have made the acquaintance of the clients, and probably earned their confidence, the result being that he will obtain some of the junior's work given up by the Q.C. There is no great difficulty about this, because it is well-known some time before who intends taking silk, as notice has to be given of the application to the Lord Chancellor to all juniors on the circuit who are of older standing at the Bar."

"There is this to be remembered about the Bar," continued Mr. Lockwood, "which cannot be said of the other professions. Whilst he is preparing for it a man may be following any other employment, excepting the two or three specified in his application for admission to an Inn of Court. He cannot be a barrister's clerk, solicitor's clerk, or a notary. But short of this, he can follow any other employment he pleases. There is nothing to prevent, for instance, a shopkeeper from qualifying for the Bar. As you know, some students and barristers make an income by journalism. I myself, when briefs were scarce, earned a guinea occasionally by writing London Letters for the *Doncaster Chronicle*. Journalism, I should imagine, is becoming more and more difficult, however, as an occasional occupation. It is becoming an organised profession which has to be regularly pursued as a profession. The kind of work that I did would now be done, I suppose, by a syndicate. Still, there are various other ways in which student or young barrister can supplement his income, although it is a fact, of course, that if a man is to succeed at the Bar, he must give the best of his brains and energy to his professional work."

Then Mr. Lockwood told me how he had made the first beginning of his splendid practice—by diligently attending Quarter Sessions, and obtaining experience in the art of advocacy by accepting what are called in professional circles "dockers," that is, the instructions of a prisoner as he stands in the dock. He had related to me before the story of his

first brief. It was marked two guineas and one guinea, the latter being for the consultation, his client being a company who had a formal matter to come before Lord Romilly. When the other counsel had been heard Lord Romilly asked Mr. Lockwood what he appeared for, meaning what purpose he had in view.

The question was misunderstood, however, and he replied, "For the — Company, my lord."

"Yes, yes; but what for?"

"For two and one, my lord," exclaimed the young barrister.

Mr. Lockwood is, I fancy, fond of telling this little story at his own expense, as well as another of a more bitter experience, when a solicitor brought a brief one day, and fetched it away the next on discovering how recently he had been "called."

Mr. Lockwood went Quarter Sessions as the best thing to do, in view of the fact that he had no influence at his back.

"As far as I am aware," he says, "I am the first lawyer in my family."

By this time we have returned to the house, and Mrs. Lockwood comes out

of the drawing-room to invite us to take a cup of tea. The drawing-room is light and bright, like the rest of the house, and on the wall, in keeping with the brightness and light, are a number of water-colour sketches of local landscape and seascape, several of them being the work of Mr. Lockwood's eldest daughter, Lucy. The young lady is just now absent, but over the tea-cups I obtain from Mrs. Lockwood on her behalf the promise of two or three sketches with which to illustrate this article.

On a side-table, in a glass case provided by Mrs.

Lockwood's affectionate care, is the silver casket containing the scroll of Mr. Lockwood's Freedom of the City of York. Its design is made up of the city arms and the scales of justice, the tribute to Mr. Lockwood's forensic distinction being most ingeniously and artistically carried out.

We cross the hall and enter the billiard-room—a large and comfortable apartment, but unsuitable to its purpose, Mr. Lockwood tells me, owing to insufficient light.

"I think of turning it into a library, and building a billiard room in place of this conservatory," referring to a large glasshouse, fragrant with flowers and fernery, into which the room opens.

The billiard-room interests me a good deal. The dark oak panelling, I learn, was part of the wood in the old Court of Exchequer at Westminster. On the wall above hang a number of specimens of the old art of silhouette, in company with some very old prints of York and Scarborough. The silhouettes are portraits of Mr. Lockwood's family, and were the work of himself and Mr. Herman Herkomer.

Mr. Lockwood's own *sanctum sanctorum*

is a small room on the south-western corner of the house, with a window from which no view of the sea is obtainable. It is evidently not given over entirely to social pleasure, promptly as Mr. Lockwood produces cigars and cigarettes. It contains an *escritoire*, untidy with papers, and some bookshelves, on which both light and heavy literature is to be found—volumes of *Punch*, to which Mr. Lockwood is a devoted adherent, standing side by side with bound volumes of a legal journal. Along the walls are water-colour hunting sketches, and I also notice autograph

In the Corridor—



"Get nearly meretricious little warmers! I'll back you to go prosecuting Nimmercent feller creation!"

(Sketch by Mr. Lockwood).



portraits of Charles Mathews and J. L. Toole, who has more than once been entertained at Cober Hill.

Under the influence of a cigarette, Mr. Lockwood becomes expository, and, prompted by my questions, discusses various professional points of public interest.

"It is, of course, an absurd anomaly that Mrs. Hurlbert should have been an eligible witness in the breach of promise action brought against her by her husband, and ineligible should he be tried for perjury, although the circumstances and the issues in both cases are the same. There can be only one way of settling this question: All persons having evidence to give in a case must be able to give it—prisoner included. This principle has, of course, already been introduced into one or two recent Acts of Parliament, such as the Criminal Law Amendment Act."

"Ah, that reminds me, Mr. Lockwood. What has become of your Bill for regulating the newspaper reports of the Divorce Court?"

"I did not re-introduce the Bill last Session. For some time past there has been no cause of complaint, I think. I have often been in the Court when very objectionable evidence was being given, but in none of the newspapers I have seen has there been any attempt to report it. I think a much wiser and more careful discretion has been exercised in the matter."

Then Mr. Lockwood discusses for a little while the subject of the Circuit system. He is regarded as the leader of the North-Eastern Circuit; but for some time



(Sketch by Mr. Lockwood.)

he has only attended the Assizes when specially retained.

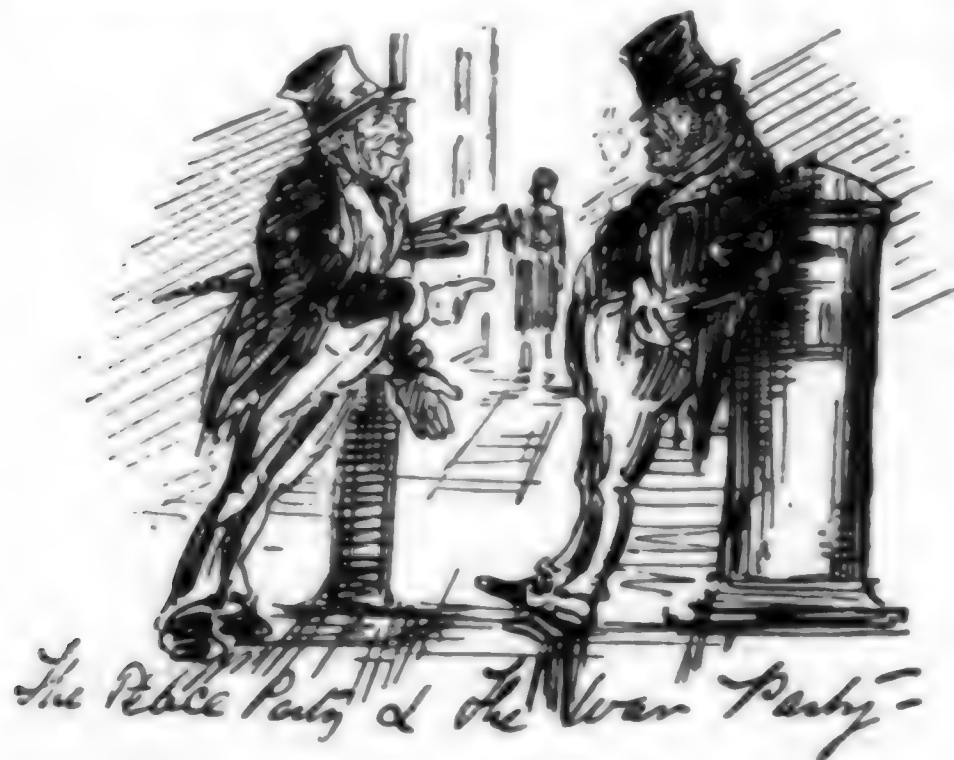
"In the early years of my practice on the North-Eastern Circuit," he remarks, "I experienced, like other barristers, some difficulty in understanding the dialect of the witnesses. In my own county I was, of course, all right, but in Durham and Newcastle quite a different tongue is spoken. I remember one case at Leeds in which the only person in Court who understood what a witness was saying was myself."

Full of anecdote and persiflage, Mr. Lockwood does not impress you with his judicial character. In this quiet talk in his snuggery, however, I remember that for ten years past he has administered justice as Recorder of Sheffield. I question him concerning his experiences in this office.

"The calendar remains just about the same as at my first session in October, 1884, although I suppose there has been some increase in population. But I certainly cannot claim to have effected any material reduction in crime by any particular policy. I hope I lean to leniency, rather than severity—that is, as regards most cases."

"To justify leniency it is surely sufficient to show that there has been no increase in crime?"

"Yes. But I am not one of those who think that really serious offences should be lightly dealt with—punished by a day or two's imprisonment. The circumstances of each case should be carefully considered, of course, and this I try to do, although I must confess that some



(Sketch by Mr. Lockwood)

times, after a calendar of thirty or forty cases, I have been surprised myself by the disparity in some of the sentences inflicted. I have only twice inflicted penal servitude, and one of the cases was gross cruelty to a child, an offence for

which, I believe, I have never shown much mercy." It is with this note of the earnest and the serious upon his lips that Mr. Lockwood—the genial, the good-natured, the light-hearted Mr. Lockwood—bids me good-bye.



(Sketch by Mr. Lockwood.)



# *The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.*

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "*Lady Lovelace*," &c. &c.

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## MISSING !

"**N**OW, Miss Brooke, if this doesn't inspire you, I don't know what will," said Mr. Dyer. And, taking up a handbill that lay upon his writing-table, he read aloud as follows :

"Five hundred pounds reward. Missing, since Monday, September, 20th, Irené, only daughter of Richard Golding, of Langford Hall, Langford Cross, Leicestershire. Age, 18, height five feet seven ; dark hair and eyes, olive complexion, small features ; was dressed when she left home in dark blue serge walking costume, with white straw sailor hat, trimmed with cream ribbon. Jewellery worn : plain gold brooch, leather strap bracelet holding small watch, and on third finger of left hand a marquise ring consisting of one large diamond surrounded with twelve rubies. Was last seen about ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th leaving Langford Hall Park for the high road leading to Langford Cross. The above reward will be paid to anyone giving such information as will lead to the young lady's restoration to her home ; or portions of the reward, according to the value of the information received. All communications to be addressed to the Chief Inspector, Police Station, Langford Cross."

"Was last seen on the 20th of September !" exclaimed Loveday as Mr. Dyer finished reading. "Why, that is ten days ago ! Do you mean to say that reward has not stimulated the energies of the local police and long ago put them on the traces of the missing girl ?"

"It has stimulated their energies, not a doubt, for the local papers teem with accounts of the way in which the whole country about Langford has been turned upside down generally. Every river, far

and near, has been dragged ; every wood scoured ; every railway official at every station for miles round has been driven nearly mad with persistent cross-questioning. But all to no purpose. The affair remains as great a mystery as ever. The girl, as the handbill says, was seen leaving the park for the high road by some children who chanced to be passing, but after that she seems to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her."

"Cannot her own people suggest any possible motive for her thus suddenly leaving home ?"

"It appears not ; they seem absolutely incapable of assigning any reason whatever for her extraordinary conduct. This morning I received a letter from Inspector Ramsay, asking me to get you to take up the case. Mr. Golding will not have the slightest objection to your staying at the Hall and thoroughly investigating the matter. Ramsay says it is just possible that they have concentrated too much attention on the search outside the house, and that a promising field for investigation may lie within."

"They should have thought of that before," said Loveday sharply. "I hope you declined the case. Here's the country inspector to the backbone ! He'll keep a case in his own hands so long as there's a chance of success ; then, when it becomes practically hopeless, hand it over to you just to keep his own failure in countenance by yours."

"Ye-es," said Mr. Dyer slowly. "I suppose that's about it. But still, business has been slack of late—expenses are heavy — if you thought there was the ghost of a chance —"

"After ten days!" interrupted Miss Brooke, "when the house has settled down into routine, and every one has his story cut and dried, and all sorts of small details have been falsified or smudged over! Criminal cases are like fevers; they should be taken in hand within twenty-four hours."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Dyer irritably; "but still, as I said before, business is slack —"

"Oh, well, if I'm to go I'm to go, and there's an end of it," said Loveday resignedly. "I only say it would have been better for the credit of the office if you had declined such a hopeless affair. Tell me a little about this Mr. Richard Golding; who and what is he?"

Mr. Dyer's temper grew serene again.

"He is a very wealthy man," he answered; "an Australian merchant. Came over to England about a dozen years ago, and settled down at Langford Hall. He had, however, been living in Italy for some six or seven years previously. On his way home from Australia he did Italy as so many Australians do, fell in love with a pretty girl, whom he met at Naples, and married her, and by her had this one child, Irené, who is causing such a sensation at the present moment."

"Is this Italian wife living?"

"No, she died just before Mr. Golding's return to England. He has not yet married again, but I hear is on the point of so doing. The lady he contemplates making the second Mrs.

Golding is a certain Mrs. Greenhow, a widow, who for the past year or so has acted as chaperon to his daughter and housekeeper to himself."

"It is possible that Miss Irené was not too well pleased at the idea of having a stepmother."

"Such is the fact. From all accounts she and her future stepmother did not get on at all well together. Miss Irené has a very hasty, imperious temper, and Mrs. Greenhow seems to have been quite incapable of holding her own with her. She was to have left the Hall this month to make her preparations for the approaching wedding; the young lady's disappearance, however, has naturally brought matters to a standstill."

"Did Miss Golding take any money away with her, do you know?"

"Ah, nobody seems sure on that head. Mr. Golding gave her a liberal allowance and exacted no accounts. Sometimes

she had her purse full at the end of the quarter, sometimes it was empty before her quarterly cheque had been cashed a week. I fear you will have to do without exact information on that most important point."

"She had lovers, of course?"

"Yes; in spite of her quick temper, she seems to have been a loveable and most attractive young woman, with her half-Australian half-Italian parentage, and to have turned the heads of all the men in the neighbourhood. Only two, however, appear to have found the



THE MISSING GIRL, IRENÉ.





A PRETTY GIRL WHOM HE MET AT NAPLES.

slightest favour in her eyes—a certain Lord Guilleroy, who owns nearly all the land for miles round Langford, and a young fellow called Gordon Cleeve, the only son of Sir Gordon Cleeve, a wealthy baronet. The girl seems to have coquetted pretty equally with these two; then suddenly, for some reason or other, she gives Mr. Cleeve to understand that his attentions are distasteful to her, and gives unequivocal encouragement to Lord Guilleroy. Gordon Cleeve does not sit down quietly under this treatment. He threatens to shoot first his rival, then himself, then Miss Golding; finally, does none of these three things, but starts off on a three years' journey round the world."

"Threatens to shoot her; starts off on a journey round the world," summed up Loveday. "Do you know the date of the day on which he left Langford?"

"Yes, it was on the 19th; the day before Miss Golding disappeared. But Ramsay has already traced him down to Brindisi; ascertained that he went on board the *Buckingham*, en route for Alexandria, and has beaten out the theory that he cannot, by any possibility, be connected with the affair. So I wouldn't advise you to look in that quarter for your clue."

"I am not at all sanguine about finding

a clue in any quarter," said Loveday, as she rose to take leave.

She did not feel in the best of tempers, and was a little disposed to resent having a case, so to speak, forced upon her under such disadvantageous conditions.

Her last words to Mr. Dyer were almost the first she addressed to Inspector Ramsay when, towards the close of the day, she was met by him at Langford Cross Station. Ramsay was a lanky, bony Scotchman, sandy-haired and slow of speech.

"Our hopes centre in you; we trust you'll not disappoint us," he said, by way of a greeting.

His use of the plural number made Loveday turn in the direction of a tall, good-looking man, with a remarkably frank expression of countenance, who stood at the inspector's elbow.

"I am Lord Guilleroy," said this gentleman, coming forward. "Will you allow me to drive you to Langford Hall? My cart is waiting outside."

"Thank you; one moment!" answered Loveday, again turning to Ramsay. "Now, do you wish," she said, addressing him, "to tell me anything beyond the facts you have already communicated to Mr. Dyer?"

"No-o," answered the inspector, slowly and sententiously. "I would rather not bias your mind in any direction by any theory of mine." ("It would be rather a waste of time to attempt such a thing," thought Loveday.) "The only additional fact I have to mention is one you would see for yourself as soon as you arrived at the Hall, namely, that Mr. Golding is keeping up with great difficulty—in fact, is on the verge of a break-down. He has not had half-an-hour's sleep since his daughter left home, a serious thing for a man at his age."

Loveday was favourably impressed with Lord Guilleroy. He gave her the idea of being a man of strong commonsense and great energy. His conversation was marked by a certain reserve. Although, however, he evidently declined to wear his heart upon his sleeve, it was easy to see, from a few words that escaped him, that if the search for Miss Golding proved fruitless his whole life would be wrecked.

He did not share Inspector Ramsay's wish not to bias Loveday's mind by any theory of his own.

"If I had a theory you should have it

in a minute," he said, as he whipped up his horse and drove rapidly along the country road; "but I confess at the present moment my mind is a perfect blank on the matter. I have had a dozen theories, and have been compelled, one by one, to let them all go. I have suspected every one in turn; Cleeve, her own father (God forgive me!), her intended step-mother, the very servants in the house, and, one by one, circumstances have seemed to exonerate them all. It's bewildering—it's maddening! And most maddening of all it is to have to sit here with idle hands, when I would scour the earth from end to end to find her!"

The country around Langford Hall, like most of the hunting districts in Leicestershire, was as flat as if a gigantic steam-roller had passed over it. The Hall itself was a somewhat imposing Gothic structure, of rough, grey stone. Very grey and drear it showed in the autumn landscape as Loveday drove in through the park gates and caught her first glimpse of it between the all-but leafless elms that flanked the drive. The equinoctial gales had set in early this year, and heavy rains had helped forward their work of wreckage and destruction. The green sward of the park was near akin to a swamp; and the trout stream that flowed across it at an angle showed swollen to its very banks. The sky was leaden with gathering masses of clouds; a flight of rooks, wheeling low and flapping their black wings, with their mournful cawing, completed the dreariness of the scene.

"A companion picture, this," Loveday thought, "to the desolation that must reign within the house with the fate of its only daughter unknown—ungessed at, even."

As she alighted at the hall-door, a magnificent Newfoundland dog came bounding forth. Lord Guilleroy caressed it heartily.

"It was her dog," he explained. "We have tried in vain to make him track down his mistress—these dogs haven't the scent of hounds."

He excused himself from entering the house with Loveday.

"It's like a vault—a catacomb; I can't stand it," he said. "No, I'll take back my horse;" this was said to the man who stood waiting. "Tell

Mr. Golding he'll see me round in the morning without fail."

Loveday was shown into the library where Mr. Golding was waiting to receive her. In the circumstances no disguise as to her name and profession had been deemed necessary, and she was announced simply as Miss Brooke from Lynch Court.

Mr. Golding greeted her warmly. One glance at him convinced her that Inspector Ramsay had given no exaggerated account of the bereaved father. His face was wan and haggard; his head was bowed; his voice sounded strained and weak. He seemed incapable of speaking on any save the one topic that filled his thoughts.

"We pin our faith on you, Miss Brooke," he said; "you are our last hope. Now, tell me you do not despair of being able to end this awful suspense one way or another. A day or two more of it will put me into my coffin!"

"Miss Brooke will perhaps like to have some tea, and to rest a little, after her long journey before she begins to talk?" said a lady at that moment entering the room and advancing towards her. Loveday could only conjecture that this was Mrs. Greenhow, for Mr. Golding was too pre-occupied to make any attempt at an introduction.

Mrs. Greenhow was a small, slight



LOVEDAY ON HER WAY TO LANGFORD HALL.



woman, with fluffy hair and green-grey eyes. Her voice suggested a purr; her eyes, a scratch.

"Cat-tribe!" thought Loveday; "the velvet paw and the hidden claw—the exact antithesis. I should say, to one of Miss Golding's temperament."

Mr. Golding went back to the one subject he had at heart.

"You have had my daughter's photograph given to you, I've no doubt," he said; "but this I consider a far better likeness." Here

he pointed to a portrait in pastels that hung above his writing-table. It was that of a large-eyed, handsome girl of eighteen, with a remarkably sweet expression about the mouth.

Mrs. Greenhow again interposed. "I think, if you don't mind my saying so," she said, "you would slightly mislead Miss Brooke if you led her to think that that was a perfect likeness of dear René. Much as I love the dear girl," here she turned to Loveday, "I'm bound to admit that one seldom or never saw her wearing such a sweet expression of countenance."

Mr. Golding frowned and sharply changed the subject.

"Tell me, Miss Brooke," he said, "what was your first impression when the facts of the case were submitted to you? I have been told that first impressions with you are generally infallible."

Loveday parried the question.

"I am not at present sure that I am in possession of all the facts," she answered. "There are one or two questions I particularly want to ask—you must forgive me if they seem to you a little irrelevant to the matter in hand. First and foremost I want to know if any formal good-bye took place between your daughter and Mr. Gordon Cleeve?"

"I think not. A sudden coolness arose



A PORTRAIT IN PASTELS OF RENÉ.

between them, and the young fellow went away without so much as shaking hands with me."

"I fear an irreparable breach has occurred between the Cleeves and yourself on account of dear René's extraordinary treatment of Gordon," said Mrs. Greenhow sweetly.

"There was no extraordinary treatment," said Mr. Golding, now almost in anger.

"My daughter and Mr. Cleeve were good friends—nothing more, I assure you—until

one day René saw him cruelly thrashing one of his setters, and after that she cut him dead—would have nothing whatever to do with him."

"Maddalena told Inspector Ramsay," said Mrs. Greenhow sweetly still, "that on the evening before Gordon Cleeve left Langford dear René received a note from him —"

"Which she tossed unopened into the fire," finished Mr. Golding.

"Who is Maddalena?" interrupted Loveday.

"My daughter's maid. I brought her over from Naples twelve years ago as nurse, and as René grew older she naturally enough fell into her duties as René's maid. She is a dear, faithful creature; her aunt was nurse to René's mother."

"Is it possible for Maddalena to be told off to wait upon me while I am in the house," asked Loveday, turning to Mrs. Greenhow.

"Certainly, if you wish it. At the same time I warn you that she is not in a particularly amiable frame of mind just now, and will be very likely to be sullen and disobliging," answered the lady.

"Maddalena is not generally either one or the other," said Mr. Golding deprecatingly; "but just now she is a little

unlike herself. The truth is, all the servants have been a little too rigorously cross-examined by the police on matters of which they could have absolutely no knowledge, and Ramsay made such a dead set at 'Lena that the girl felt herself insulted, grew sullen and refused to open her lips."

"She must be handled judiciously. I suppose she was broken-hearted when Miss Golding did not return from her morning's walk?"

A reply was prevented by the entrance of a servant with a telegram in his hand.

Mr. Golding tore it open, and, in a trembling voice, read aloud as follows:

"Some one answering to the description of your daughter was seen yesterday in the Champs Elysées, but disappeared before she could be detained. Watch arrivals at Folkestone and Dover."

The telegram was dated from Paris, and was from M. Dulau, of the Paris police. Mr. Golding's agitation was pitiable.

"Great heavens! is it possible?" he cried, putting his hand to his forehead as if stunned. "I'll start for Dover—no, Paris, I think, at once." He staggered to his feet, looking around him in a dazed and bewildered fashion. He might as well have talked of starting for the moon or the north star.

"Pardon me," said Loveday, "Inspector Ramsay is the right person to deal with that telegram. It should be sent to him at once."

Mr. Golding sank back in his chair, trembling from head to foot.

"I think you are right," he said faintly. "I might break down and lose a possible chance."

Then he turned once more to the man who stood waiting for orders, and desired him to take the fastest horse in the stables and ride at once with the telegram to the inspector.

"And," he added, "on your way back call at the Castle, see Lord Guilleroy, and give him the news." He turned a pleading face towards Loveday. "This is good news—you consider it good news, do you not?" he asked piteously.

"It won't do to depend too much on it, will it?" said Mrs. Greenhow. "You see, there have been so many false alarms—if I may use the word."—This was said to Loveday. — "Three times last week we had telegrams from different parts of the

country saying dear René had been seen—now here, now there. I think there must be a good many girls like her wandering about the world."

"The dress has something to do with it, no doubt," answered Loveday; "it is not a very distinctive one. Still, we must hope for the best. It is possible, of course, that at this very moment the young lady may be on her way home with a full explanation of what has seemed extraordinary conduct on her part. Now, if you will allow me, I will go to my room. And will you please give the order that Maddalena shall follow me there as quickly as possible."

Loveday's thoughts were very busy when, in the quietude of her own room, she sank into an easy-chair beside the fire. The case to which she had so unwillingly devoted her attention was beginning to present some interesting intricacies. She passed in review the *dramatis personæ* of the little drama which she could only hope might not end in a tragedy. The broken-hearted father; the would-be step-mother, with her feline affinities; the faithful maid; the cruel-tempered lover; the open-faced, energetic one, each in turn received their meed of attention.

"That man would be one to depend on in an emergency," she said to herself, allowing her thoughts to dwell a little longer upon Lord Guilleroy than upon the others. "He has, I should say, a good head on his shoulders and ——"

But here a tap-tap at the door brought her thinking to a standstill, and in response to her "Come in" the door opened and the maid 'Lena entered.

She was a tall, black-eyed, dark-skinned woman of about thirty, dressed in a neat black stuff gown. Twelve years of English domestic life had considerably modified the outer tokens of her nationality: a gold dagger that kept a thick coil of hair in its place, and a massive Roman-cut cameo ring on the third finger of her right hand, were about the only things that differentiated her appearance from that of the ordinary English lady's maid. Possibly as a rule she wore a pleasant, smiling expression of countenance. For the moment, however, her face was shadowed by a sullen scowl that said as plainly as words could: "I am here very much against my will, and intend to render you the most unwilling of services."



Loveday felt that she must be taken in hand at once.

"You are Miss Golding's maid, I believe," she said in a short, sharp tone.

"Yes, madame." This in a slow, sullen one.

"Very well. Kindly unstrap that portmanteau and open my dressing-bag. I am glad you are to wait upon me while I am here. I don't suppose you ever before in your life acted maid to a lady detective."

"Never, madame." This in a still more sullen tone than before.

"Ah, it will be a new experience to you and I hope that it may be made a profitable one also. Tell me, are you saving up money to get married?"

'Lena, on her knees unstrapping the portmanteau, started and looked up.

"How does madame know that?" she asked.

Loveday pointed to the cameo ring on her third finger. "I only guessed at such a possibility," she answered. "Well, now, 'Lena, I am going to make you an offer. I will give you fifty pounds—fifty, remember, in English gold—if you will procure for me certain information that I require in the prosecution of my work here."

The sullen look on 'Lena's face deepened.

"I am a servant of the house," she answered, bending lower over the portmanteau; "I do not sell its secrets even for English gold."

"But it is not the secrets of your master's house I am wanting to buy—no, nor anybody else's secrets; I only want you to procure for me certain information that I could easily have procured for myself if I had been a little sooner on the scene. And the information I want relates to no one inside the house but someone outside it—Mr. Gordon Cleeve."

The sullen look on 'Lena's face gave place to one of intense, unutterable relief.

"Mr. Gordon Cleeve!" she repeated. "Oh-h, for fifty pounds, I will undertake to bring madame a good deal of information about him; I know some of the servants in Sir Gordon's house. I know, too, the mother of Mr. Cleeve's valet who has started with him on his journey round the world."

"Good. So, then, it is a bargain. Now, 'Lena, tell me truly, is this Mr. Cleeve a great favourite with you?"

"With me! Ah, the good God forbid, madame! I never liked him; I used to

say to Miss René when I brought her his flowers and his notes: 'Have nothing to do with him, he is cruel—bad at heart.'"

"Ah, yes; I read all that in your face when I mentioned his name. Now what I want you first and foremost to do for me is to find out how this young man spent the last day that he was at Langford. I want you to bring me a report of his doings—as exact a report as possible—on the 18th of this month.

"I will do my best, madame."

"Very good. Now, there is something else. Would you be greatly surprised if I told you that the young man did not sail in the *Buckingham* from Brindisi as is generally supposed?"

"Madame! Inspector Ramsay said he had ascertained beyond a doubt that Mr. Cleeve went on board the *Buckingham* at Brindisi!"

"Ah, to go on board is one thing: to sail is another! Now, listen, 'Lena, very carefully to what I am going to say. I am expecting daily to receive some most important information respecting this gentleman's movements, and I may want someone to set off at a minute's notice for Paris, perhaps; or, perhaps, Florence or Naples to verify that information; would you do this for me?—of course, I would supply you with money and full details as to your journey."

A flush of pleasure passed over 'Lena's face.

"Yes, madame," she answered; "if you could get my master's permission for me to go."

"I will undertake to do so." She pondered a moment, then added a little tentatively, and closely watching 'Lena's face as she asked the question, "I suppose Miss Golding resembled her mother in appearance—I do not see any likeness between her portrait and her father?"

'Lena's sullenness and stateliness had vanished together now, and once upon the topic of her nursling she was the warm-hearted, enthusiastic Italian woman once more. She became voluble in her description of her dear Miss René; her beauty, her fascinating ways, which she traced entirely to the Italian blood that flowed in her veins; and anecdote after anecdote she related of the happy time when they lived among the lakes and mountains of her native land.

The room grew dark and darker, while she gossipped apace, and presently, the

dress-bell clanged through the house. "Light the candles now," said Loveday, rising from her seat beside the fire; "draw down the blinds and shut out that dreary autumn scene; its sets me shivering!"

It might well do so. The black clouds had fulfilled their threat, and rain now was dashing in torrents against the panes. A tall sycamore, immediately outside the window, creaked and groaned dismally in response to the wind that came whistling round the corner of the house, and between the swaying and all but leafless elms, Loveday could catch a glimpse of the grey, winding trout stream, swollen now to its limits and threatening to overflow its banks.

Dinner that night was in keeping with the gloom that overhung the house within and without; although the telegram from Parishad seemed to let in a ray of hope, Mr. Golding was evidently afraid to put much trust in it.

"As Mrs. Greenhow says, we have had so many disappointments," he said sadly, as he took his place at table. "So many false clues — false scents started.

Ramsay has at once put himself in communication with the police at Boulogne and Calais, as well as at Dover and Folkestone. We can only pray that something may come of it!"

"And dear Lord Guilleroy," chimed in Mrs. Greenhow, in her soft, purring voice, "has started for Paris immediately. The young man has such a vast amount of energy, and thinks he can do the work of the police better than they can do it for themselves."

"That's hardly a fair way of putting it, Clare," interrupted Mr. Golding irritably; "he is working heart and soul with the police, and thinks it advisable that someone representing me should be in Paris, in case an emergency should

arise; also he wants himself to question Dulau respecting my daughter's sudden appearance and disappearance in the Paris streets. Guilleroy," here he turned to Loveday, "is devotedly attached to my daughter, and — why, Dryad, what's the matter, old man, down, down! Don't growl and whine in that miserable fashion."

He had broken off to address these words to the Newfoundland, who, until that moment, had been comfortably stretched on the hearth-rug before the fire, but who now had suddenly started to his feet, with ears erect, and given a prolonged growl, that ended in something akin to a whine.

"It may be a fox trotting past the



FINDING THE BODY IN THE STREAM.

window," said Mrs. Greenhow, whipping at the dog with her lace handkerchief. But Dryad was not to be so easily subdued. With his nose to the ground now, he was sniffing uneasily at and around the heavy curtains that half draped the long French windows of the room.

"Something has evidently disturbed him. Why not let him out into the garden?" said Loveday. And Mr. Golding, with a "Hey, Dryad, go, find!" unfastened the window and let the dog out into the windy darkness.

Dinner was a short meal that night. It was easy to see that it was only by a strong effort of will that Mr. Golding kept his place at table, and made even a pretence of eating.



At the close of the meal Loveday asked for a quiet corner, in which to write some business letters, and was shown into the library by Mr. Golding.

"You'll find all you require here, I think," he said, with something of a sigh, placing a chair for her at a lady's davenport. "This was René's favourite corner, and here are the last flowers she gathered—dead, all dead, but I will not have them touched!" He broke off abruptly, set down the vase of dead asters which he had taken in his hand, and quitted the room, leaving Loveday to the use of René's pen, ink, paper and blotting-pad.

Loveday soon became absorbed in her business letters. Time flew swiftly, and it was not until a clock on the mantel-piece chimed the hour—ten o'clock—that she gave a thought as to what might be the hour for retiring at the Hall.

Something else beside the striking of the clock almost simultaneously caught her ear—the whining and scratching of a dog at one of the windows. These, like those of the dining-room, opened as doors into an outside verandah. They were, however, closely shuttered, and Loveday had to ring for a servant to undo the patent fastener.

As soon as the window was opened Dryad rushed into the room, plastered with mud and dripping with water from every hair.

"He must have been in the stream," said the footman, trying to collar the dog and lead him out of the room.

"Stop! one moment!" cried Loveday, for her eye had caught sight of something hanging in shreds between the dog's teeth. She bent over him, patting and soothing him, and contrived to disentangle those shreds, which a closer examination proved to be a few tattered fragments of dark blue serge.

"Is your letter-writing nearly ended, Miss Brooke?" asked Mr. Golding, at that moment entering the room.

For reply, Loveday held up the shreds of blue serge. His face grew ashen white; he needed no explanation; those shreds and the dripping dog seemed to tell their own tale.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "why did I not follow the dog out! There must be a search at once. Get men, lanterns, ropes, a ladder—the dog, too, will be of use."

A terrible energy took possession of him.

"Find, Dryad, find," he shouted to the dog, and then, hatless and thin-shoed as he was, he rushed out into the darkness with Dryad at his heels.

In less than five minutes afterwards the whole of the men-servants of the house, with lanterns, ropes and a ladder long enough to span the stream, had followed him. The wind had fallen, the rain had ceased now, and a watery half-moon was struggling through the thin, flying clouds. Loveday and Mrs. Greenhow, standing beneath the verandah, watched the men disappear in the direction of the trout stream, whither Dryad had led the way. From time to time shouts came to them, through the night-stillness, of "This way," "No, here," together with Dryad's sharp bark and the occasional distant flash of a bull's-eye lantern. It was not until nearly half-an-hour afterwards that one of the men came running back to the house with a solemn white face and a pitiful tale. He wanted something that would serve for a stretcher, he said in a subdued tone—the two-fold oak screen in the hall would do—and please, into which room was "it" to be brought?

On the following evening Mr. Dyer received a lengthy despatch from Miss Brooke, which ran as follows:

"Langford Hall.

"This is to supplement my telegram of an hour back, telling you of the finding of Miss Golding's body in the stream that runs through her father's grounds. Mr. Golding has himself identified the body, and has now utterly collapsed. At the present moment it seems rather doubtful whether he will be in a fit state to give evidence at the inquest, which will be held to-morrow. Miss Golding appears to be dressed as she was when she left home, with this notable exception—the marquise ring has disappeared from the third finger of her left hand, and in its stead she wears a plain gold wedding-ring. Now, this is a remarkable circumstance, and strikes a strange keynote to my mind. I am writing hurriedly, and can only give you the most important points in this very singular case. The maid, 'Lena, a reserved, self-contained woman, gave way to a passion of grief when the young lady's body was brought in and laid upon her own bed. She insisted on performing all the last sad offices for the dead, however, in spite of

her grief, and is now. I am glad to say, calmer and capable of a little quiet conversation with me. I keep her continually in attendance on me, as I am rather anxious to keep my eye on her just now. I have telegraphed to Lord Guilleroy, asking him, in spite of the terrible news which will in due course reach him, to be good enough to remain in Paris awaiting directions from me, which may have to be carried out at a minute's notice. I hope to have further news to send a little later on."

Mr. Dyer laid aside the letter with a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"Well," he said to himself, "I suppose she expects me to be able to read between the lines, but I'm bothered if I can make head or tail of it all. She seems to me to be going a little wide of the mark just now; it might be as well to give her a hint." So he dashed off a few brief lines as follows:

"I suppose you are concentrating now on finding out what were Miss Golding's movements while absent from her home. It seems to me this could be better done in Paris than at Langford Hall. The ring on her finger necessarily implies that she has gone through a marriage service somewhere, and as she was seen in Paris a day or two ago, it is as likely as not that the ceremony took place there. The Paris police could give you 'yea or nay' on this matter within twenty-four hours. As to the maid, 'Lena, I think you are laying too much stress upon her possible knowledge of her mistress's movements.

"If she had been tied down to secrecy by promise of reward, she would naturally, now that all such promises are rendered futile, reveal all she knows on the matter—she has nothing to gain by keeping the secrets of the dead."

This letter crossed on its road a telegram from Loveday running thus:—

"Inquest over. Verdict, 'found drowned, but how deceased got into the water there is no evidence to show.' Funeral takes place to-morrow; Mr. Golding delirious with brain fever."

On the day following Mr. Dyer received a second letter from Loveday. Thus it ran:—

"The funeral is over; Mr. Golding is much worse. I have despatched 'Lena to Paris, telling her I require her services there to follow up a clue I hold respecting

Mr. Gordon Cleeve, and promising her rewards commensurate with the manner in which she carries out my orders. I have also written to Lord Guilleroy, telling him the sort of assistance I require from him. If he is the man I take him for he will be more useful to me than all the Paris police put together. I will answer your letter in detail in a day or two. The neighbourhood is still in a state of great excitement and all sorts of wild reports are flying about. Ramsay and Dulau have traced a lady, dressed in dark blue serge, and answering in other respects to Miss Golding's description, from the Station du Midi, Paris, step by step to her arrival at Langford Cross, whence, poor thing, she must have walked through the pouring rain to the Hall. I do not see, however, that this information helps us forward one step towards the solution of the mystery of the girl's disappearance. Ramsay is a little inclined to criticise what he calls my 'leisurely handling' of the case. Mrs. Greenhow, who is a terribly empty-headed, but, at the same time, essentially hard-natured little woman, appears disposed to follow suit, and has more than once thrown out hints that my stay in the house is being unnecessarily prolonged. As there is practically no further necessity for my remaining at the Hall, I have told her that I shall to-day take up my quarters at the Roebuck Inn (by courtesy hotel), at Langford Cross. I believe she is unfeignedly glad at what she considers the ending of the affair. The imperious yet fascinating young lady no doubt ruled her and the household generally with a rod of iron, and the little woman, I feel sure, if she had dared, would have ordered bonfires and a general rejoicing on the day of the funeral. Well, I have not much sympathy with her, and am preparing for her a shock to her not too-sensitive nerves which she little suspects. My chief anxiety at the present moment is Mr. Golding, who still remains unconscious. I have requested the doctors to send me two bulletins daily of his condition, which I fear is a most serious one."

There could be little doubt on this head. The doctors' verdict on the day that Loveday left Langford Hall for "The Roebuck" was "absolutely no hope." The bulletin brought to her on the following morning was "Condition remains unchanged." On the third day, however,



the report was "Slight improvement." Then followed the welcome bulletins of "Improvement maintained," and "Out of danger," to be followed subsequently by the most welcome report of all: "Is making steady progress towards recovery."

"It is Mr. Golding's illness that has kept me here so long," said Loveday to Inspector Ramsay, as if by way of apology for her continued presence on the scene. "I think, however, I can see my way to departure now. Going to Paris? Oh, dear me, no. I have telegraphed to Mr. Dyer to expect me back the day after to-morrow. I shall travel up by the night train to-morrow; if you will like to come to me here, or will meet me at Langford Cross Station, I will give you a full report of all I have done since I took the case in hand. Now I am going to the Hall to ascertain at what hour to-morrow it will be convenient for me to say good-bye to Mr. Golding."

More than this Ramsay was unable to extract from Miss Brooke. His open strictures upon what he called her "leisurely handling of the case" had put her upon her mettle, and she had decided that Ramsay and his colleagues should be taught that Lynch Court had a special way of doing things and could hold its own with the best.

On her way to the Hall Loveday called at the post-office, and there had a letter with a London postmark handed to her. This she at once opened and read, and then despatched a reply to it by telegram. The reply was an enigmatic one to the village post-master, for Loveday, after a few casual questions as to his knowledge of Continental languages, chose German as her medium of communication. The address, however, "To Lord Guilleroy, at Charing Cross Hotel," was plain reading enough.

At the Hall Loveday found Mrs. Greenhow in an active state of mind. Mr. Golding, she

informed her, with a sweet effusiveness, would come down stairs for a short time on the following day, and she was doing all that lay in her power to put out of sight anything that might awaken painful recollections. "I have had dear René's harp removed to a lumber room, her portrait taken down from the library wall," she said, in her usual purring tones; "and her davenport is being wheeled into my own sitting-room. Poor dear René! If only she could have been taught to govern her wilful temper a happier fate might have befallen her. What that fate was I suppose we shall never know now."

Loveday's only reply to this was to ask for an exact report of the doctor's opinion of Mr. Golding's condition. Mrs. Greenhow put her handkerchief to her eyes as she answered that Doctor Godwin's opinion was that, so far as bodily strength was concerned, he was considerably better, but that his mental condition was a serious one. His brain appeared to be in a state of semi-stupefaction, which it was possible might be indicative of the softening of its tissues.

Loveday expressed a wish to see this doctor—to time her farewell visit to Mr. Golding on the following day with Dr. Godwin's daily call. In fact, she would

like a little private talk with him before she went in to see his patient.

To all this Mrs. Greenhow offered no objection. Lady detectives, she said to herself, were a race apart and had a curious way of doing things; but, thank heaven, she would soon see the last of this one!

The stormy autumnal weather had given place now to a brief spell of late summer sunshine, and on the last day of her visit to Langford, Miss Brooke had a cheerier view of the Hall and its surroundings than she



LORD GUILLEROY.

had had on the day of her arrival there. The trout stream had retreated to its natural proportions, and showed like a streak of molten silver—not a grey, turbid flood—in the bright sunlight that played at hide-and-seek between the branches of the stript elms. Even the old rooks seemed to have a cheery undertone to their “caw, caw” as they wheeled about the old house; and Dryad himself, as he once more came bounding forth to greet her, appeared to her fancy to have a less dolorous ring in his noisy bark.

“That dog is a perfect nuisance—has been utterly spoilt. I must have him chained up,” said Mrs. Greenhow, as she led the way into a room where Dr. Godwin sat awaiting Loveday. She introduced them one to the other. “Shall I remain, or do you wish to converse alone?” she asked.

And as Loveday answered with decision “Alone,” the little woman had no choice but to withdraw, wondering once more over the vagaries of lady detectives.

Half-an-hour afterwards the doctor, a clever-looking, active little man, led the way into the library where Mr. Golding was seated.

Loveday was greatly shocked at the change which a few days’ illness had wrought in him. His chair was drawn close to the window, and the autumn sunshine that filled the room threw into pitiful relief his shrunken frame and pallid face, aged now by about a dozen years. His eyes were closed, his head was bent low on his breast, and he did not lift it as the door opened.

“You need not remain,” said Dr. Godwin to the nurse, who rose as they entered; and Loveday and the doctor were left alone with the patient.

Loveday drew near softly. “I am going back to town this evening, and have come to say good-bye,” she said, extending her hand.

Mr. Golding opened his eyes, staring vaguely at the extended hand. “To say good-bye!” he repeated, in a dreamy, far-away tone.

“I am Miss Brooke,” Loveday explained. “I came down from London to investigate the strange circumstances connected with your daughter’s disappearance.”

“My daughter’s disappearance!” He started and began to tremble violently.

The doctor had his hand on his patient’s pulse now.

“I have conducted my investigations under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances,” Loveday went on quietly, “and, for a time, with but little result. A few days back, however, I received important information from Lord Guilleroy, and to-day I have seen and communicated with him. In fact, it was his carriage that brought me to your house this afternoon.”

“Lord Guilleroy!” repeated Mr. Golding slowly. His voice had a more natural ring in it; recollection, although, perhaps, a painful one, seemed to sound in it.

“Yes. He said he would wander about the park until I had seen and prepared you for his visit. Ah! there he is coming up the drive.”

Here she drew back the curtain that half-draped the open window.

This window commanded a good view of the drive, with its over-arching elms, that led from the lodge gates to the house. Along that drive two persons were advancing at that moment in leisurely fashion; one of those two was undoubtedly Lord Guilleroy, the other was a tall, graceful girl, dressed in deep mourning.

Mr. Golding’s eyes followed Loveday’s at first with a blank, expressionless stare. Then, little by little, that stare changed into a look of intelligence and recognition. His face grew ashen white, then a wave of colour swept over it.

“Lord Guilleroy, yes,” he said, panting and struggling for breath. “But—but who is that walking with him? Tell me, tell me quickly, for the love of Heaven!”

He tried to rise to his feet, but his limbs failed him. The doctor poured out a cordial, and put it to his lips.

“Drink this, please,” he said. “Now tell him quickly,” he whispered to Loveday.

“That young lady,” she resumed calmly, “is your daughter René. She drove up with me and Lord Guilleroy from Langford Cross. Shall I ask her to come in and see you? She is only waiting for Dr. Godwin’s permission to do so.”

Time to grant or refuse that permission, however, was not accorded to Dr. Godwin. René—a sadder, sweeter-faced René than the one who had so impetuously discarded home and father—now stood outside in the “half-sun, half-shade” of the verandah, and had caught the sound of Loveday’s last words.



She swept impetuously past her into the room.

"Father, father!" she said, as she knelt down beside his chair, "I have come back at last! Are you not glad to see me?"

"I dare say it all seems very mysterious to you," said Loveday to Inspector Ramsay, as together they paced the platform of Langford Cross Station, waiting for the incoming of the London train, "but, I assure you, it all admits of the easiest and simplest of explanations. 'Who on earth was it that the inquest was held over, and who was buried about a week ago,' do you say? Oh, that was Mr. Golding's wife, Irene, daughter of Count Mascagni, of Alguida, in South Italy, whom everyone believed to be dead. It is her history that holds the key to the whole affair from first to last. I will begin at the beginning, and tell you her story as nearly as possible as it was told to me. To be quite frank with you, I would have admitted you long ago into my confidence, and told you, step by step, how things were working themselves out, if you had not offended me by criticising my method of doing my work."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," here broke in Ramsay in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, pray don't mention it. Let me see, where was I? Ah, I must go back some nineteen or twenty years in Mr. Golding's life in order to make things clear to you. The particulars which I had from Mr. Dyer, and which I fancy you supplied him with respecting Mr. Golding's early life were so meagre that, directly I arrived at the Hall I set to work to supplement them; this I contrived to do in a before-dinner chat with 'Lena, Miss Golding's maid. I found out through her that Irene Mascagni was a typical Italian woman of the half-educated, passionate, beautiful, animal kind, and that Mr. Golding's early married life was anything but a happy one. Irene was motherless and had been so spoilt from babyhood upwards by her old nurse, 'Lena's aunt, that she could not brook the slightest opposition to her whims and wishes. She was a great coquette also; lovers were an absolute necessity to her. Remonstrance on Mr. Golding's part was useless; Irene met it by appeals to her father for protection against what she considered her husband's brutality; in con-

sequence, a serious quarrel ensued between the Count and Mr. Golding, and when the latter announced his intention of breaking up his Italian home and buying an estate in England, Irene, accompanied by her nurse, Antonia, left her husband and little daughter and went back to her father's house, vowing that nothing would induce her to leave her beloved Italy. At this crisis in his affairs, Mr. Golding was suddenly compelled to undertake a journey to Australia to adjust certain complicated matters of business. He took with him on this voyage his little girl, René, and her nurse—now her maid, 'Lena. The visit to Australia in all occupied about six months. During that time no communication of any sort passed between him and his wife or her father. He resolved, however, to make one more effort to induce Irene to return to her home and her duty; and, with this object, he went to Naples on his return to Europe and wrote to his wife from there, asking her to appoint a day for a meeting. In reply to this letter he received a visit from Antonia, who, with a great show of sorrow, informed him that Irené had caught a fever during his absence, and had died, and now lay buried in the family vault at Alguida. Mr. Golding's grief at the tidings was no doubt mitigated by the thought of the unfortunate married life he had led. He made no attempt to communicate with Count Mascagni, started at once for England, and set up his establishment at Langford Hall. All this, with the exception of the name of Irené's father and that of his estate, was told me by 'Lena, who, I may mention in passing, laid great stress upon the wonderful likeness that existed between Miss Golding and her mother. She was, she said, the exact counterpart of what her mother had been at her age."

"It is marvellous to me how you contrived to get anything out of that woman 'Lena," said Ramsay; "she was most obstinately taciturn with me."

"Pardon me if I say that was because she had been most injudiciously handled. In the circumstances it would never have occurred to me to put a single direct question to her, although I, like you, felt convinced that she was the one and only person likely to be in her young mistress's confidence. So fully imbued was I with this idea that I felt certain, that, if she could be sent out of the house on any pre-

text, by closely following her movements, we should, sooner or later, come upon the traces of Miss Golding. To attain this end, I feigned suspicion of Mr. Gordon Cleeve, and promised her rewards if she would bring me tidings of his doings. This was to pave the way to dismissing her on a journey to Italy. It also had the most welcome effect of calming her mind and convincing her of my belief in her innocence. With her fears thus allayed, I found her no longer sullen but communicative to a degree."

"Pardon my interrupting you at this point, but will you kindly tell me what, in the first instance, aroused your suspicions as to the identity of the person 'found drowned' by the coroner's jury?"

"Lena's conduct when the body was brought into the house. I should, however, tell you that a key-note of suspicion as to the possibility of Mrs. Golding being still alive had been struck when, as I sat writing at Miss Golding's davenport, I found the words 'Mia Madre' scribbled here and there on her blotting-pad. Now what, I said to myself, could, after all

these years, have turned her thoughts to her mother and her early Italian home. The wedding-ring on the lady's finger, coupled with Lena's statement as to Miss Golding's marvellous likeness to her mother, together with an exclamation of Mr. Golding's, after identifying the body, that his daughter had 'aged by a dozen years,' made these suspicions grow stronger. It was, however, Lena's own conduct that resolved them into positive certainty. I watched her narrowly after the body had been brought into the house. At first her grief was passionate and intense, and in it she let fall—in Italian—the extraordinary exclamation that a woman should break her heart for her lover, not for her mother. Then she, too, went into the room where the body lay—went in weeping, came out dry-eyed, and in the most methodical manner set to work to perform the last sad offices for the dead."

"Ah, yes, I see. Pray go on."

"It was on the day of the funeral, if you remember, that I despatched Lena to Paris. I had previously written to Lord Guilleroy, hinting my suspicions, and begging him, in spite of everything, to

remain at Paris, and to carry out any directions I might send him to the very letter. On despatching Lena, I again wrote to him, telling him when she would arrive, where she would put up, and bidding him keep his eye on her, and follow her movements step by step. From Paris, I sent Lena on to Naples, bidding her await further orders there, and all unknown to her, the train that carried her thither, carried also Lord Guilleroy. Naples had been the only place she had mentioned to me by name in her gossip about her life in Italy, but I felt confident, from some casual remarks she had let fall, that Irené Mascagni's early



"FATHER, I HAVE COME BACK AT LAST."



home, as well, also, as the home of her own lover, was within easy reach of the city. It was only natural to conjecture that if I kept her waiting there for orders she would utilise the opportunity for paying a visit to her friends and relatives, and also to her young mistress, if she were, as I supposed, in that neighbourhood. The result proved my conjecture correct."

"And Lord Guilleroy, thus following her movements, step by step, came upon her and Miss Golding in company?"

"He did. I think Lord Guilleroy deserves high encomium for the way in which he performed his share in this somewhat intricate case. No trained detective could have done better. He tracked 'Lena home to Alguida, a small hamlet within fifteen miles of Naples, and came upon her talking to Miss Golding, who stood at the gate of her grandfather's chateau dressed in her mother's Neapolitan dress. Miss Golding was unfeignedly glad to be taken possession of, so to speak, by one of her father's English friends, for she was becoming nervous and distressed at the position in which she found herself. Her mother was dead; her grandfather, a man of a violent temper, refused to allow her to leave his chateau, as he alleged he required, in his old age, the attendance of one who was of his own kith and kin. Also there was in her mind a natural shrinking from the story she would have to tell her father, and the fear lest he might not be willing to forgive her for the part she had played. Nothing could have been more opportune than Lord Guilleroy's arrival. Miss Golding accorded to him her full confidence, and from this point the story ceases to be mine and becomes Lord Guilleroy's, as communicated to him by Miss Golding."

"It is, in fact, the other half of the story that was told you by 'Lena?"

"It is; it starts from the period, twelve years back, when Mrs. Golding was supposed by her husband and child to be dead. Instead of dying, however, she had, after a month's stay at her father's lonely country house, joined a company of actors, then passing through Alguida. Her great personal beauty ensured her ready admission to the corps; and in her new life, no doubt, her vanity and innate love of coquetry found ample gratification. The faithful old nurse had followed her in her new career; the dramatic corps was actually in Naples when Mr. Golding

arrived there, and the two women, neither of whom was disposed to enter upon the dull routine of English domestic life, had fabricated the lie in order the more effectually to retain their liberty. It is most probable that Count Mascagni knew nothing whatever of his daughter's movements at this period of her career. It is possible that, after a time, he may have believed her to be dead, for eleven years passed without his receiving any communication from her."

"Eleven years! Was she on the stage the whole of that time?"

"I have not been able to ascertain—in fact, I have not been very keen in making enquiries on this point, for it really is of little or no importance to the case. So far as we are concerned, her career is of importance only after her return to her father's house, now about a year ago. She came back one day, attended by Antonia, evidently out of health and in great poverty. Her father received her back conditionally; she had disgraced him and his ancient name, he said; dead she was supposed to be by her friends, dead she must remain—she must go nowhere; she must see no one."

"Ah, a sad story! And I suppose after a time the poor woman's thoughts flew to her husband and little daughter?"

"Yes. Antonia wrote to 'Lena that the mother was dying for the sight of her child, and implored her to tell René that her mother lived—a mother who had been cruelly treated alike by husband and father—and beg her, at all hazards, to come to her, that she might clasp her in her arms before the shadows of death closed in around her. This part of the story I had from René herself as we drove together to the Hall. The girl told me that when she read that letter all her blood was stirred within her. She was seized with a burning desire there and then to kiss that mother and to right her wrongs. For the moment she hated her father, felt that she must at once confront him and denounce him for his cruelty. Second thoughts suggested another course. Her father might forbid her all intercourse with her mother; she had plenty of money, why not start for Italy at once, and from her mother's lips dictate to her father the terms on which she would return to her English home. So the journey was planned, and 'Lena was promised by the young lady a pair of her handsome dia-

mond ear-rings if she kept her secret till she herself gave her permission to speak. Not so much as a hand-bag was packed, for fear of exciting attention in the house; the undistinctive blue serge and sailor hat—supplemented subsequently by a thick veil—were selected as a travelling dress. Market-day at Langford, with a crowded railway station, was chosen for the day of departure, and the young lady walked the two miles that lay between it and her father's house in easy, leisurely fashion, as if she contemplated nothing more serious than a morning walk."

"Of course, as soon as she reached London all was plain sailing to her?"

"Yes. 'Lena, no doubt, supplied her with all necessary details respecting her journey. When she arrived at the Chateau Mascagni, she appears to have at once thoroughly succumbed to her mother's influence. Out of health although that mother was, René described her to me as the most fascinating woman she had ever met. I suppose the likeness between the two must have been something remarkable, for René said, after she had been a few days in the house and the mother had rallied a little in strength, the servants declared it was only by their dress that they could distinguish one from the other. On the fourth day after Miss Golding's arrival at the chateau, her mother met her with a plan which, for fear of the effect that a refusal might have upon her health, she at once fell in with. It was to the effect that, instead of attempting negotiations with Mr. Golding through lawyers or by letter, she should herself go to him at his country house, throw herself upon his generosity, plead for forgiveness, and beg to be taken back to his heart once more."

"But why did not Miss René accompany her mother on this journey?"

"René was a force to be held in reserve. If her father refused her mother's request, she in her turn would refuse to return to her home, but would live on with her mother and grandfather at Alguida. The girl appears to have entertained bitter feelings against her father at this juncture—feelings possibly intensified by the thought of the sort of step-mother he intended to bestow upon her."

"Well, anyhow, so far as I can make out, Miss René's own mother hadn't much to boast of—in the way of common sense, at any rate. In fact, the two together

appear to me to have acted more like a couple of school-girls than anything else. What made Mrs. Golding dress up in her daughter's clothes?"

"That, I believe, was a matter of convenience merely. Mrs. Golding had no money, and her father was not over-burdened with riches, and what little he had he held tightly. She had, for some reason or other, returned home with next to no wardrobe; René's dress was suitable for travelling, and not likely to attract attention. They neither of them seem to have given a thought to the possibility of rewards being offered for tidings of René; and thus, no doubt, while waiting for her train in Paris, Mrs. Golding did not hesitate to show herself in Paris streets. I need not go into the details of her journey to Langford: they are already known to you. The poor woman, not seeing any conveyance at the country station, must have walked in the drenching rain to the Hall. At the hall door, possibly, her courage suddenly failed her, and instead of ringing for admission, she creeps to a window to get a glimpse of the home-life within. That glimpse is fatal. She sees her husband and the woman he intends to marry seated together at table. She takes in at a glance the refinement of the home, together with the rigid conventionality of English domestic life. A wave of memory, perhaps, brings before her episodes in her past career altogether out of tune with this home picture. She feels the impracticability of the mission on which she is bent; a fit of her old impetuosity seizes her; she rushes away in the darkness, takes a wrong turning, perhaps—who knows?"

"Ah, yes; and the stream was there waiting for her, and she thought she would end it all. Poor soul!"

"Or it may be," said Loveday pityingly, "that some sweet story of sainthood and martyrdom that she had heard in her childish days came floating dimly into her brain as she made her way through the darkness, and she thought she would do her best to make atonement to the one whom she had so deeply injured by not standing in the way of his future happiness. Here is my train! Ah, yes; it is a sad, sad story!"

"Yes; for the present things are a trifle gloomy for the family at the Hall, I'll admit," said Ramsay, as he shut the carriage-door on Loveday; "but they'll



turn over a new leaf there before long. There'll be a couple of weddings in the house before the year comes to an end, I'll be bound."

"No," said Loveday, as she settled herself comfortably in a corner; "Mrs. Greenhow has shown herself in her true

colours at this time of distress, and, from what I hear, will stand but little chance of becoming the second Mrs. Golding. Lord Guilleroy and the runaway René are the only two who will have to be congratulated as bride and bridegroom."



# *Pens and Pencils of the Press.*

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "*Journalistic London*," "*By Order of the Czar*," "*Under the Great Seal*," &c., &c.

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MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

I WONDER if any novelist has ever founded a fictitious character upon the unique personality of Mr. Henry Labouchere. As a student of men and manners, I confess that the hon. member for Northampton has always had a certain fascination for me. There is a Radical nobleman in "*The Queen of Bohemia*," who is constructed on the idiosyncrasies and public virtues of an equally well known man; but I don't suppose my political friend saw himself at all in the pages of the romance, which I believe he read with deep interest, because the story is concerned with a part of the country which he loves and adorns. Writing about Mr. Labouchere, I find myself looking at him as if he were the hero of a novelist's romance. He is one of the most original men of our time. Even his faults are picturesque. Political opponents probably do not see them from an artistic point of view. Men who know him very intimately speak of him in the highest terms as a good comrade. He has what people call "a taking appearance." Caricature finds in it no points of exaggerative feature to make merry with. When he started *Truth*, men about town affected to regard the title as a witticism; but the new paper quickly gave an impressive account of itself. If its opinions were open to question, it told the truth with striking and useful effect. The *Hornet*, the *World* and *Truth* mark an epoch in weekly journalism, the influences of which have been widespread, not only on this side of the Atlantic, but in America, India and the Colonies.

Considering him with an undercurrent of admiration that is divided between the appreciation of the journalist and the in-

stinct of the writer of fiction, I feel that of late Mr. Labouchere has, in politics, taken himself a little too seriously to be consistent with the lines which he originally laid down for himself. If he were the creation of the novelist, and not a very real piece of humanity, his present position in Parliament would be considered inconsistent with the Eton boy, the Cambridge undergraduate, the adventurous traveller, and the scapegrace diplomat of the first chapters of his story.

Years ago he treated life with a genial cynicism that made the world an amusing study to him, and gave to his own work and conversation a curious and unusual interest. But the shadow of the Grand Old Man has fallen upon him in these latter days, and has modified his attitude of general indifference. I remember a dozen years ago with what pleasure I sat under his mahogany one summer morning at breakfast, and made mental and pencil notes of the material that formed the first biographical sketch of one of the most charming conversationalists of our time. To-day I find a touch of melancholy in his smile, and in his talk a sentiment of regretfulness that was entirely foreign to him a dozen years ago. At about that time his association with the Irish party in the House of Commons was a new departure. He took his seat among the members from over the water with an air of patronage and protection. As a man of means and position, a journalist of weight and a diplomat with a lively record, he was an important English recruit on the benches which had yet to discover, in Mr. Gladstone, a friend and partisan. The member for Northampton treated political questions in those days with a degree of humorous banter that pointed to the



*From a Photo. by]*

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

*[Field, Maidstone.*

possibility of Bernal Osborne having a successor in the colleague of Mr. Bradlaugh. But all this seems to have passed away. Mr. Labouchere has come to take things in the House of Commons quite seriously. Only recently he used hard words against a certain governmental policy, and called men rough names, and hurled at their heads defiant anathemas, when in the old days he would have been content to wound his opponents with an epigram, or confound them with ridicule. But, as he says, all things pass; everything

comes to an end. He put this to me in Latin, and I agreed with him in English, though one would regret if the mirthfulness and the characteristic hilarity of the Labouchere nature should really have been suppressed by serious politics. "I have," he says, "a curious feeling of wonder at the vitality of Mr. Gladstone, and still a greater wonder what will occur when this vitality is extinguished." Then, in response to a question I asked him about certain characteristics of the age in which we are living, he says: "Uneventful day

succeeds uneventful day without bringing new ideas or new experiences. I read speeches and articles which I am told are of vast importance, but they are forgotten the next day; I write articles and make speeches, but these, if read, are forgotten the next half-hour."

Mr. Labouchere does himself an injustice in this bit of current retrospect. I frequently see him quoted in the American Press, and his criticism of great subjects is translated into all the Continental languages. Only the other day I came upon a most entertaining two columns in a leading Chicago journal, devoted to the hon. gentleman, and made up from my essay of a dozen years ago, showing how fresh and green is the memory of his work, and the characteristic incidents of his early career. One could have no better illustration of the opposite of Mr. Labouchere's views about his speeches and his writings than this abiding interest in them which is so characteristically displayed by the fast-going prairie city. The resuscitated essay sends my memory back to Queen Anne's Gate, with the guards marching in the park, and the music of their trumpet-calls coming in at the open windows. Mr. Labouchere's town house is now in the precincts of Old Palace Yard. Pope's Villa is still his country seat, a fact in his biography which would make an excellent text for a literary and political study of yesterday and to-day. One cannot imagine a more genial host in town or on the Thames than Mr. Labouchere. The hardest things that have ever been said of him in the anecdotes of clubs and drawing-rooms have been said by himself.

As a journalist Mr. Labouchere has always been in earnest. As the editor and proprietor of *Truth* he has done more than Scotland Yard to put down bogus charities and fraudulent levies on the benevolent. He is the active enemy of blackmailers and the fearless critic of shams of all kinds. Before he started *Truth*, he had exercised his journalistic skill in the financial columns of the *World*. He helped to make Mr. Yates's paper a righteous scourge of company mongering. City iniquities continue to flourish, nevertheless. The public memory is not a long one. Fresh victims rise up every few years ready for the sharks of finance that sail around the Stock Exchange, and not infrequently show their dorsal fins in

the backwaters of journalism. The work which he did in the *World* Mr. Labouchere afterwards carried on in *Truth* with an increased vigour and over a wider field. In journalism he has not only made a name that will live in the history of the Press, but as a war correspondent his "Diary of A Besieged Resident in Paris," forms part of the strange eventful history of a never-to-be-forgotten siege. Mr. Labouchere has a bright, incisive style. There is never any mistaking what he means. He deals in no involved sentences. His language is simplicity itself. A knowledge of foreign tongues has not imported into his English any outside adulteration. It is almost as Saxon as John Bright's, and has much of the simple charm of the language of George Dawson. He is a man of a wide and curious experience, and his mental horizon is far broader than even his party allies understand. If he had been as much in downright earnest in the political selection of his friends, when he went into Parliament, as he was when marking out for himself his journalistic policy, I believe he would have held a far stronger position in the House of Commons than he does at this moment. That, however, is only an individual opinion, and not, I hope, an impertinent one; though, if anyone thinks Mr. Labouchere cares about any man's opinion, he is mistaken. He would have taken office, outside or inside the Cabinet, if it had been offered him, with no higher sense of his own importance than he feels without it. I can imagine him sitting down, with an amused smile, to answer the various rumours that were current concerning the reasons why he was not in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, as if he had been writing to accept office. What more can a man want who is interested in affairs than Mr. Labouchere possesses? Founder and editor of a popular journal, a seat in the House, plenty of money and a healthy capacity for the enjoyment of travel, fond of a cigarette, and in the best part of the London year keeping open house for his friends in one of the most picturesque and accessible spots on the river, with a companionable wife and a pretty daughter—what, indeed, can a man want more?

But talking of Pope's Villa and its accessibility, and touching that chat for *Harper's* and "Journalistic London" ever so long ago, I have recently been almost



rebuked for not narrating a story of Labouchere, which has no place in that previous sketch, just as if I had taken out a patent for Labouchertian anecdotes; or as if I had written a text book of the vagaries of the honourable member for Northampton. It is late in the day to take me to task for omitting a characteristic anecdote which I have heard him relate in somewhat different terms from the version of an American correspondent given with all the circumstantiality of time and place and personal knowledge. The narrator was dining at Pope's Villa when a Mexican gentleman turned up without an invitation and would insist upon talking business. He had an important concession and was interested in some joint stock company which he desired to commend to Labouchere. Not long after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, Labouchere said to the Mexican, "How do you expect to get back to London to-night? I cannot offer you a bed; my house, as you see, is full. Have you a carriage?" "No," replied the Mexican, "I came by the railroad, and shall return that way." "But the train is now about to start." The Mexican's countenance fell. "There is one chance for you," said Labouchere; "I can row you down the river and catch the train from Reading, that stops at the next station. We can talk stocks and concessions *en route*." Labouchere, excusing himself to his guests, started off with the Mexican. An hour later he returned. "Did you catch the train?" he was asked. "That Mexican," said Labouchere crisply, and flinging the end of a cigarette from the window, "is landed on an island which is overflowed at high tide. It will be high tide in half an hour. Probably his body will be carried out to sea and never recovered. No man ever spoilt my dinner with Mexican concessions twice." "A joke," says the correspondent, "of course it was a joke." Nevertheless that Mexican, who for months had been a familiar figure in the City, was never seen again within the Lord Mayor's territory.

Henry Labouchere, the eldest son of the late John Labouchere, of Broome Park, Surrey, and nephew of the late Lord Taunton, was born in 1831, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. Among other official positions, his father was at one time President of the Board of Trade.

He was a gentleman of wealth, and his son is understood to have very considerably increased the property which he inherited at his father's death. Anyhow, Mr. Labouchere is wealthy enough to have been robbed through a clever forgery of many thousands of pounds without having discovered the drain upon his banking account for a long period of time. I forget the circumstances of the fraud, but the general exclamation at the time was, "How rich he must be for such drafts on his bank to be possible!" It is not only Mr. Labouchere's journalistic courage, but this power of the purse that has enabled him to stand the suits for libel which on several occasions have been brought against him, involving enormous costs, suits which he has fought in the public interest, and suits which he has won with flying colours. But next to losing a case is the expense of winning it. Mr. Labouchere in costs and damages has still owing to him over forty-thousand pounds, not a penny of which he is likely to recover. In the year 1854 he entered the diplomatic service, and was successively Attaché at Washington, Munich, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Dresden. In 1862 he was appointed Third Secretary at Constantinople, and second in 1863, and retired in 1864. In the following year, he entered Parliament as Liberal member for Windsor, but was unseated on petition. From 1867 to 1868 he sat for Middlesex. In 1874 he unsuccessfully contested Nottingham. But in 1880 he was returned at the head of the poll for Northampton, with Mr. Bradlaugh. He evinced no sympathy with Mr. Bradlaugh's views on religion, and for a time seemed rather to fight shy of his colleague's extreme ideas on certain questions of domestic politics; but as time wore on, Labouchere, like many other members of his party, came to respect Bradlaugh, and as Bradlaugh found himself winning a certain kind of esteem, even among the Conservatives, he modified his aggressive policy and annexed something of the courtesy of parliamentary manners, which at first he most conspicuously lacked. I don't think Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Bradlaugh were ever any more than political comrades representing the same constituency, though I know that Labouchere regarded him as perfectly sincere in his public life.

When men in these days are so much

of a pattern, and the pattern is so commonplace, there is something irresistible in a character that suggests romance; that has defied conventionality; that has missed no opportunity to satisfy a desire for travel and adventure; that has been behind the scenes of diplomacy without being trammelled by its discipline; that has carried a journalistic pen in and out of besieged Paris; that has seen life above stairs, and has never looked for sincerity in society or friendship in politics. If with such bases of character to work upon, a novelist allowed his man in later life to drift from his original moorings, we should feel that his work was inartistic. I only hope that Mr. Labouchere is really not in his heart angry with our British pioneers in Africa, any more than he desires the flag to be hauled down in Egypt. As a young man, he evinced many of the very qualities that have made English adventurers, such as Selous and Rhodes, whose exploits in Africa he condemns. Discipline did not sit easily on his shoulders at Eton. He and the Dons at Cambridge had perpetual rows. When he left the University he resolved to travel beyond the seas. Mexico was a country which he especially desired to see.

Having resided in the capital for some little time, he rode off on his own horse with fifty dollars in his pocket. After a ramble of eighteen months, he returned to the capital and fell in love with a lady of the circus. He travelled with the troupe and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and maize, the equivalents for coin. By-and-by he tired of this occupation and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chippeway Indians going back to their homes. He went with them and lived with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces, and living what to Joaquin Miller would have been a poem in so many stanzas, but which to the more prosaic and eccentric Englishman was just seeing life and passing away the time. He went to New York, and, making that city his headquarters, visited the towns round about. It occurred to him to go into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. "There were no examinations then," he remarked, as he related this incident in his career to me over a

cigar at his house at Queen Anne's Gate. The inference conveyed was, that if there had been an educational ordeal to pass through, he would not have entered the service; but Mr. Labouchere, in spite of his political audacity and his journalistic arrogance, is quite a modest man, and is full of deprecation of his many accomplishments, except when he thinks he is jarring the sensibilities of some especially moral person by relating incidents in his gaming and theatrical experiences (all of which have been harmless enough, as the world goes), and then he suddenly remembers rather startling episodes of his varied career, such, for example, as his appointment as Attaché at Washington when he could not be found. Picking up a newspaper during a journey westward, he read the announcement of his advancement to the position he desired. Eventually he turned up at Washington, where he lived for two years. During the Crimean war he aided and abetted the crimping of American citizens for the English army, and was kicked out of the Legation. It was this young attaché who excited the ire of a certain American citizen who called to see Mr. Crampton.

"I want to see the boss."

"You can't; he is out. See me," replied Labouchere.

"You are no good to me—I must see the boss. I can wait."

"Very well," said the attaché, going on with his letter-writing; "take a seat."

The visitor waited for a considerable time. At last he said, "Stranger, I have been fooling round here two hours; has the chief come in yet?"

"No, you will see him drive up to the front door when he returns."

"How long do you reckon he will be before he comes?"

"Well," said Labouchere, "he went to Canada yesterday; I should say he'll be here in about six weeks."

The English attaché was fond of gambling, and he takes pleasure, when in a conversational mood, in relating his troubles and adventures at cards. He once nearly starved, he says, owing to his passion for gambling.

"While I was Attaché at Washington," he says, "I was sent by the minister to look after some 'Irish patriots' at Boston. I took up my residence at a small hotel, and wrote down 'Smith' in the hotel book as my name. In the evening I went to a



gambling establishment, where I incontinently lost all the money that I had with me except half-a-dollar. Then I went to bed, satisfied with my prowess. The next morning the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all the guests were requested to pay their bills and to take away their luggage. I could not pay mine, and so I could not take my luggage to another hotel. All that I could do was to write to Washington for a remittance and wait two days for its arrival. The first day I walked about and spent my half-dollar on food. It was summer, so I slept on a bench on the Common and in the morning went to the bay to wash myself. I felt independent of all the cares and troubles of civilisation. But I had nothing with which to buy myself a breakfast. I grew hungry, and towards evening so exceedingly hungry that I entered a restaurant and ordered dinner, without any clear idea how I was to pay for it except by leaving my coat in pledge. In those days Boston restaurants were mostly in cellars, and there was a bar near the door where the proprietor sat to receive payment. As I ate my dinner, I observed that all the waiters, who were Irishmen, were continually staring at me, and evidently speaking of me to each other. A guilty conscience made me think that this was because I had an impecunious look, and that they were discussing whether my clothes would cover my bill. At last one of them approached me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir; are you the patriot Meagher?' Now this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States. It was my business to look after 'patriots,' so I put my finger before my lips and said, 'Hush!' while I cast up my eyes to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning to me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things I approached the bar and asked boldly for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said, 'From a man like you who has suffered in the good cause I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake you by the hand.' I allowed him. I further allowed all the waiters to shake hands with me, and stalked forth with the stern, resolved,

but somewhat condescendingly dismal air which I have seen assumed by patriot, in exile. Again I slept on the Common again I washed in the bay. Then I went to the post-office, found a letter for me from Washington with some money in it, and breakfasted."

On leaving the United States the young diplomat was ordered successively to St. Petersburg, Munich, Frankfort, Stockholm, Florence, and finally to Constantinople. Wherever his post might be, that, it seems, was the last place in which to find him. Once he received a notice that he had been promoted to be First Secretary of Legation at the Republic of Paraná. He did not go thither, for, unknown to the Foreign Office, the Republic in question had ceased to exist. At the end of six months he was indignantly asked by Lord Russell why he was not at Paraná. Labouchere replied that he had imagined that he had been appointed a secretary *in partibus infidelium* on account of his exemplary services, and that he might enjoy the salary in Europe. The official reply was a command to start at once. Labouchere asked "whither," whereupon the Government discovered that the Republic to which they had appointed him had collapsed some ten months before. He was ordered to go to St. Petersburg. Six months afterwards he was heard of at Homburg. Lord Russell was once more very indignant. Labouchere replied that his means were small, but his zeal great, and that as neither his purse nor the Government liberality ran to the cost of trains, he was walking to Russia, and hoped to reach St. Petersburg in the course of the year. The scapegrace who worried the Dons at Cambridge, it will be seen, led the Government a dance during his employment in the diplomatic service. There is a certain air of mischief to-day in his journalistic exploits, but he has brought to his work, as a writer and an editor, an amount of worldly experience and knowledge which serves him well and enriches his chatty criticisms of men and things with a variety of wayside illustration and incident which is the secret of his popular style. For example, when Khalil Pasha was recalled from being Ambassador in Paris because he had been posted at a club for 40,000 francs which he had lost at écarté, Labouchere bubbled over with sympathy for him in *Truth*, and

related how Khalil had begun life with £50,000 a year, but having his (Labouchere's) passion for gambling, had frittered most of it away. When he was Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg, he lost several million francs at whist to the Russians about the Court, which he paid like a gentleman. "He once saved me," said Labouchere, "from a heavy loss, and that is why I take an interest in him. He, a Russian, and I sat down one evening to have a quiet rubber. The Russians have a hideous device of playing with what they call a zero, that is to say, a zero is added to all winnings and losses, so that ten stands for a thousand, etc. When Khalil and the Russian had won their dummies, I found to my horror that with the zero I had lost about £4,000. Then it came to my turn to take dummy. I had won a game, and my opponents had won a game, and we were playing for the odd trick in the last game. If I failed to win it, I should lose about £8,000. Only two cards remained in hand. I had marked up six tricks, and my opponents five. Khalil had the lead; he had the best trump and a thirteenth card. The only other trump was in the hands of the dummy. He had, therefore, only to play his trump and then the thirteenth card to win the rubber, when he let drop the latter card, for his fingers were of a very 'thumby' description. Before he could take it up I pushed the dummy's trump on it, and claimed the trick. The Russian howled, Khalil howled; they said that this was very sharp practice. I replied that whist is essentially a game of sharp practice, and that I was acting in accordance with the rules. The lookers-on were appealed to, and, of course, gave it in my favour. Thus did I make, or rather save, £6,000, against Russia and Turkey in alliance, through the fault of the Turk; and it seems to me that the poor Ottoman, when later on he went to war (1877) with his ally of the card-table, lost the game much as Khalil lost his game of whist to me. To have good cards is one thing, to know how to make use of them quite another."

He was in Paris during the siege. A correspondent of the *Daily News* wanted to go home: had a wife and family in London, and other excuses for leaving. Labouchere offered to stay in his stead, and to this fortunate circumstance the public is indebted for one of the raciest and most

realistic accounts of the siege of Paris from a resident's point of view that has yet been published. The "Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris," published by Macmillan, still realises to the reader, better than any of the histories, the condition of Paris, its heroism, cowardice, frivolity, devotion, self-denial, and suffering during its investment and up to its final capitulation. The letters appeared in the *Daily News*, and with the graphic work of Mr. Forbes, lifted the paper from a losing property into the haven of fame and prosperity.

"How did you get your letters to London with a marked regularity that surprised everybody?" I asked the "besieged resident" one day.

"Jules Favre," replied Labouchere, "kindly told the correspondents that if they gave letters to the balloon man he would take special care of them. I guessed that the care would be special, so I used to give dummies to the Government messenger, and slip my letters into the post, addressed to a lady, who used to take them to the *Daily News* office. There was no time to overhaul all the private letters that went out, and mine, not being open to the distinction of journalistic correspondence, got through all right."

When the *World* was started, Mr. Labouchere wrote its City articles. His first success in this new position was one that he would probably relate to you with a chuckle if you were on sufficiently familiar terms to ask him questions. It was in this way. He learned on good authority that the chiefs of the *Times* had resolved to force Mr. Sampson, their City editor, to resign his position. Labouchere at once denounced him in the *World*, and ordered the *Times* to dismiss him. He called upon the *Times* not to delay this performance of duty, but to get rid of Sampson at once. The resignation of Sampson following quickly on the *World's* authoritative strictures and arrogant demands, impressed the city and the general public, and considerably enhanced the paper's reputation. Then followed the *World's* campaign against the money-lenders. One of the persons attacked brought a criminal prosecution against the *World*, but the case was dismissed. It was at this time that the *World* became a profitable institution. Having "an eye to business," Labouchere withdrew from the *World* and started *Truth*. The paper paid from



the first. It was bright, personal, and, one might add with fairness, impertinent. The gossip was fresh, careless, well-informed and fearless. Society is cruel. It enjoys the misfortunes of its neighbours. People bought *Truth* with a desire to see who was "going to get it next," who or what institutions would be marked down for exposure. City men who were shaky, trembled; snobs, who were chary of their supposed dignity, opened the paper with nervous fingers. Labouchere hit out right and left, sometimes fairly, sometimes unfairly, but always cleverly, always with skill, always with courage. He was threatened openly and privately with physical punishment, but his pen never wavered, and he dipped it deeper into gall the more he was opposed.

Incidental to his other ventures and adventures, the honourable member for Northampton has had interesting theatrical experiences. He owned the Queen's Theatre. Sometimes he let it, and sometimes brought out plays himself. He generally lost by them, but now and then had a success. Occasionally, in the midst of the preparations for a new production, he would go abroad. When particularly wanted by the management he could not be found. The work went on, however, all the same, and so did the loss. Once he was advised to cram the house for a whole week with "orders," so that nobody could get in. The traditional "House Full" was posted at all the entrances. He did this on condition, that after a week everybody should be compelled to pay. When the second week came the house was empty. Then the actors complained, they could not act to empty benches. "Why don't you draw?" was Labouchere's reply to their grievance. "Draw! Confound it, why don't you draw?" He announced Shakesperian revivals, proposing to produce one new play of the bard's in splendid style every year. Notices were put up at all the entrances, inviting the audience to vote on the piece. For a long time he worked up quite an excitement by posting up the results of the voting. This was a capital idea; it increased the number who paid at the doors immensely. Nevertheless, the Queen's did not prove a financial success.

Among the plays produced there was an adaptation of "*Patrie*," by Labouchere himself, a capital piece I thought; one

of Sardou's most dramatic stage stories, shrewdly and cleverly presented in English. It is a favourite subject of mine. I had in my desk at the time a translation from the French, which I hoped some great manager might fancy. Holland is one of the few foreign countries that I know well. Motley's history has always been to me as exciting as any novel; and I remember going to the Queen's with great anticipations of delight; but somehow "*Fatherland*" did not go; it was not exactly "guyed," but it dragged. It was not convincing, and I remember that one of the most amused spectators was the adapter himself. During Mr. Labouchere's lesseeship of the Queen's, Miss Henrietta Hodson was the manageress and leading lady, and she made several interesting appearances. Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, John Ryder and other distinguished actors were members of the company. Since those days Miss Henrietta Hodson has become Mrs. Henry Labouchere, but she still takes an interest in the stage. Only the other day in an out-door representation of "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," in the grounds of Pope's Villa, her daughter played Puck, and "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," with something of her mother's histrionic grace. Pope's Villa is delightfully situated, with its lawns overhanging the river in front, and its quiet retreat of verdant grounds and gardens at the back. I recall a pleasant sunny afternoon when it was Mrs. Labouchere's pleasure to consider a certain green place bounded by tall elms a stage, and to rehearse there part of the forest scene in "*As You Like It*" for the coaching of a new Rosalind, who dated her success and theatrical prosperity from that afternoon. Nor is she the only stage aspirant to whom Mrs. Labouchere has lent a helping hand. The audience was very limited. We occupied three chairs, one of them placed conveniently in touch with certain elegant refreshments of fruit and wines and cigarettes. I don't suppose Celia and Rosalind ever had for their stage a prettier set, and certainly not a more sympathetic audience. Celia read her part and Rosalind, prompted by Celia, spoke her lines, suiting the action to the word, the word to the action. They were both dressed in summer gowns and wore summer hats;

and it naturally occurs to one to remark apropos of that afternoon at Pope's Villa, how little the world really knows of its public men, their recreations, their habits and their customs. Here was this reputed cynic and political firebrand, listening to a scene from Shakespeare as contentedly and with as much enjoyment as if he had been the veriest amateur in criticism, smoking his after-dinner pipe in his little suburban garden.

To say that a man is an excellent host, considerate of his guests, amiable, modest, not argumentative in his own house, is more or less of an impertinence; but in the case of a journalist and politician, who in his public life is fearless as he is ready in attack, and is a fighter with a habit of saying what "the man in the street" calls "nasty things," it is interesting in a general way to know that in private life he is not a bit like the person whom the man in the street would be inclined to evolve either from his inner consciousness or from his studies of the newspaper press. Not long ago Labouchere met that typical individual face to face. The occasion illustrates Labouchere's ideas of enjoyment and his journalistic instinct. He and his wife were boating by easy stages from Oxford to London. They slept at country inns by the way. At one village they had to be content with lodgings over a butcher's shop; but they were delighted with the simple and well-cooked food which was provided by their hostess, and found the humble chambers clean and the kerosine lamp far less aggressive in its odour than might have been expected. Labouchere, who only drinks

wine when he cannot get good milk or water, was easily satisfied with the Thames Valley fare. At one humble hostelry, in the general room, where the evening banquet consisted of cold lamb and salad, followed by dainty home-churned cheese and home-grown fruits, they met two gentlemen, making a Saturday to Monday trip, and from whom they learned that *Truth* was one of the most "blackguard" of papers and Labouchere the "most awful of scamps." With the coffee Labouchere handed the strangers his cigarette case, and they entertained him with a series of extraordinary stories about himself, his habits of life, his financial position, and the policy of his paper, all the time abusing him in the very strongest language they could command. Mrs. Labouchere considered it "as good as a play," and she is an authority on the drama. They were constant readers of *Truth*, these two gentlemen from town, although they hated the paper, and one of them went so far as to intimate that if Labouchere met with a violent death, he would be very glad to dance on his grave, or something to that effect. I have no doubt Labouchere parted with these two gentlemen on such terms as would compel them to vote him and his wife an excellent and agreeable couple; but they must have been considerably astonished to read in the following week's *Truth* a lively account of themselves and their comments. The story made an entertaining and instructive column of *Truth* in the best narrative style of its editor. All is grist that comes to the journalistic mill.



*Some People we have Met this Month.*



THE MAN WHO THINKS THE SERVICE HAS GONE TO THE DOGS.



THE LADY WHO PATRONISES ART.





THE MAN WHO PROMOTES COMPANIES.

# A Society Sphinx.

By SOPHIE KAPPEY (Mrs. Alfred Hart),

Author of "A Modern Martyr," "A Double Ruin," &c. &c.

(Continued from last month.)

## CHAPTER IV.

LIKE one in a dream, Notley loosened himself from that kindly grasp and, with halting, almost aged steps, passed over to the table where his wife had stood.

Drawing the flickering light still closer, he peered into the tray of the open jewel-box. Five rings (three of considerable value) had been placed therein; two comparatively worthless ones remained—the others were gone.

He reeled and almost fell.

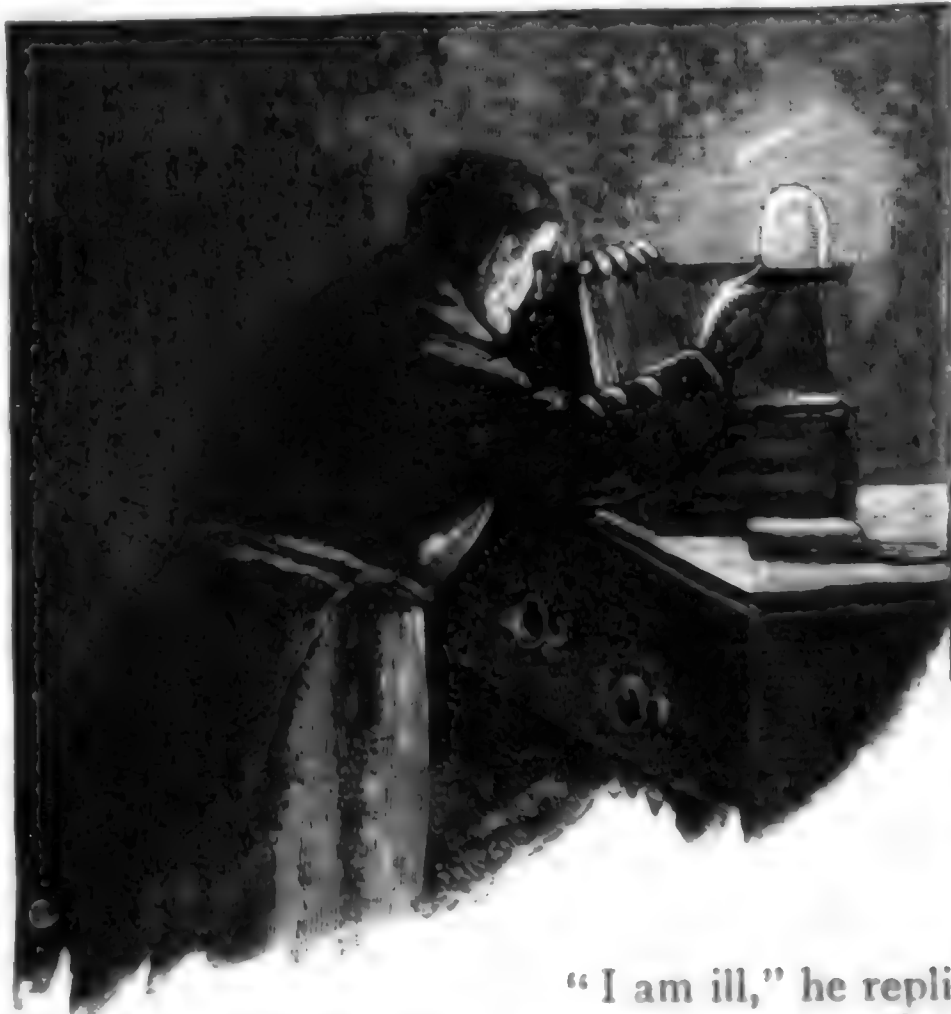
"My little one a thief—my wife a thief! It's a lie!" and the miserable man struck his head and beat the wall with his hands while he sobbed in his anguish.

"Be brave, old friend," cried Ralph. "Some mystery enshrouds it all. She had not the mien of a guilty woman."

"I would have given her all," was the piteous reply. "She had but to ask, and her slightest caprice was granted; but to place her sweet, wee hands in mine and—Oh, God help me, it cannot be true!"

Many, many broken sentences did the poor fellow utter—sentences too sad, too sacred to reveal; but none touched Colonel Varien more than the pain-wrung reflection: "Thank God our baby died!"

Daylight broke



HE PEERED INTO THE TRAY.

and stole through the closed blinds. Alec crept near to the window, and drawing up the one, threw the other open wide. How bitter and how cruel the wintry air. How white the snow; how dark and drear his soul, how desolate his shame. The wide expanse of dreary bleakness beyond seemed an emblem of his future life; for is not life bleak and purposeless when robbed of trust in the one being whom we most love and cherish?

Lena woke somewhat later than was her wont, and had not much opportunity of speaking to her husband before luncheon-time. She thought him looking strangely haggard, and longed for her guests to disperse for their morning's amusements, so that she might claim her darling for a few minutes' chat.

At last they found themselves alone.

She came forward to where he stood leaning, with down-bent head, against the jutting corner of the mantelshelf.

His arms were folded across his breast; with tender movement she strove to loosen them.

"You are barring your heart," she whispered; "come, place them round me and scold your wife for being so late this morning. Do you know you have not yet looked at or kissed me?"

"I am ill," he replied tersely and without moving a muscle.



"Ill?" was the dismayed echo. "You were well yesterday, dear one, when we bade each other good-night."

"Yes," with a peculiar accent; "but you must remember that strange illnesses can grip us even in the space of an hour."

The frightened colour leapt to her cheek—the stain of guilt, he thought—as she replied: "Tell me what ails you—you alarm me; feel how my heart is beating."

"And feel how leaden mine. No, Lena, I cannot talk to you now. Presently I may tell, or you may guess, what ails me."

Her poor mouth quivered like a child's—nay, as some flower will do, she seemed to droop before the sudden blight of coldness.

"You do not love me?" she murmured.

And with a bitter smile, he answered: "I love you too well."

A smothered sob, a slight flutter of garments, and Alec's wife had left him.

"She knows—she knows!" he groaned. "Oh, that I might die!"

During the afternoon, while the unhappy husband sat alone in his study—for he had given orders that none should disturb him—he was roused from his reverie by a violent knocking at the door.

"Come in," he answered listlessly and without rising.

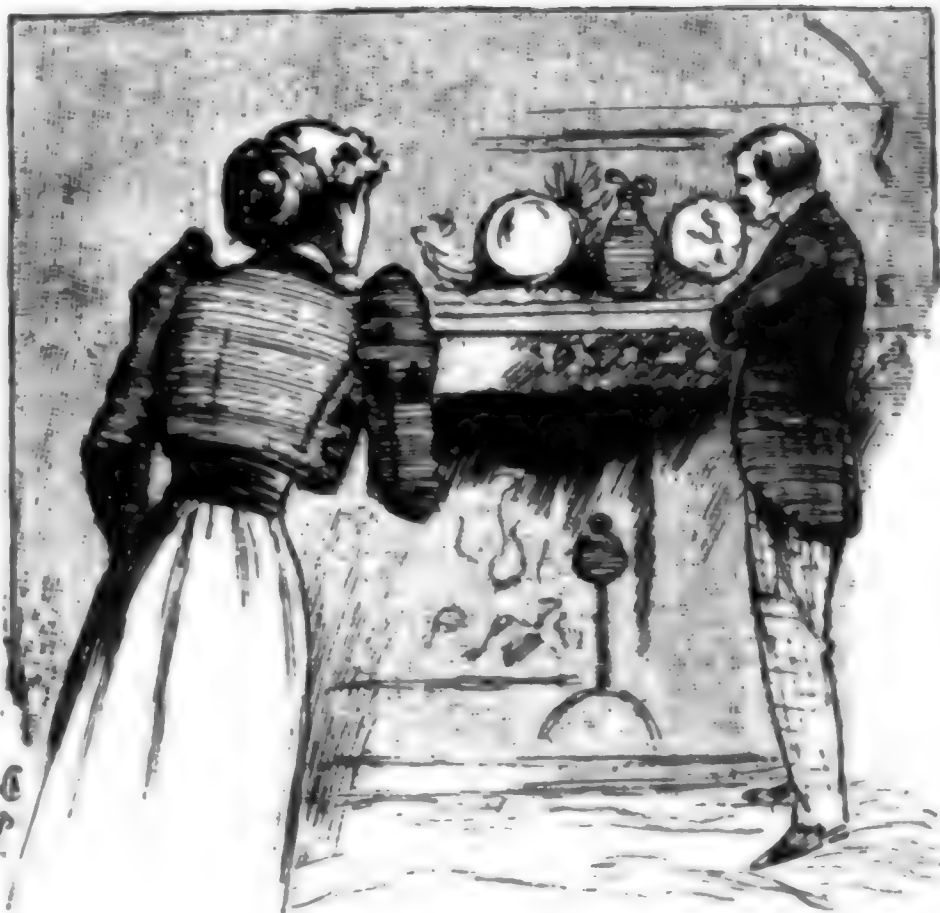
"Kome in! how ze deffil can I kome in when ze door is locked, mein friend?" was the somewhat irritable retort.

"By Jove! it's dear old Reinhart," thought Notley, springing up and momentarily forgetting his trouble. "Of course, he was to arrive to-day, only," with a sigh, "this affair has knocked every other idea out of my brain."

Turning the key, and flinging the door open, he grasped the hands of the small individual who had been beating a tattoo without, and drew him into the room.

"Well, you are not very ceremonious," exclaimed Dr. von Reinhart, a diminutive German, whose head seemed to play the most important part of his appearance, so mal-proportioned was it to the rest of his body. It gave one the impression that everything he eat went to nourish the brain, for if ever intelligence flashed from eyes, it flashed from the eyes of this Teuton.

"And you are in trouble, mein Alick?"



SHE CAME FORWARD.

were the next words he uttered. "How is madame, your adorable wife? Ah! she is von angel, so divverend to our fair ladies in ze Fatherland."

"My wife is well, I believe."

"You beleefe! Hev ze birds been becking? Hev zey been findin a few zornes in zere leetle nest, hein?" continued the voluble Doctor with the perfect freedom of an old and valued friend.

"I am in trouble, Carl," was the abrupt reply; "such trouble that I would willingly throw myself from yon window to evade it. Oh, I am glad, yet sorry, you have come, for you will be but another witness to my bitter disgrace."

"Disgrace! disgrace! ach, but you are mad. How ze deffil ken disgrace kome to you?"

"In this wise. Listen. I know that I can trust you—that you are the dearest, cheeriest fellow under the sun. But when I have finished the story, even you will say there is no help, no hope." And, with intense shame in his voice, Alec Notley unfolded his pitiful tale.

The little German listened with puckered brow, and when the speaker ended with a painful break in the throat, Dr. von Reinhart burst forth with the words, "*She haves not done it!*"

"Didn't do it!" echoed Alec. "Why I saw her with my own eyes. Ah! do not I, above all others, know every line of her sweet body? Would not I, above all others, gladly deem it some trick of the imagination? No, no, my friend, it was

Lena, my wife—the woman who gave birth to our little son, who lived but six hours."

"I repead, she heves not done it—at least, not ov her own vree vil!"

"But, man, you are joking! I saw her, I tell you; saw her come in, alone, unaided, fingering the jewels with the air of a connoisseur."

"She may heves swallowed dem for all I cares," persisted the little man. "Der is many mysteries in dis life ov ours—and I smells von here. You spoils your leetle Lena; you gifs her everything. Why for, den should she want to steal?"

"Ah, that's the bitterest sting of all! As I said to Varien, I refused her nothing. She had my life at her command—and she breaks, ruins it for a few paltry rings."

"Some gret ladies might do zo—but not your wife, mein Alick. Tells me, who hef you staying mit you? How many peeples are der in de house?"

"About two dozen, with the servants. Some of the guests you know—for instance, Lady Dolly Vane ——"

"Ach, ze leetle lady mit de frezzy wigs, who looks into ze heavens zo"—turning up his eyes—"and who told me she ever wears a golden pork at her neck for luck."

"A what?"

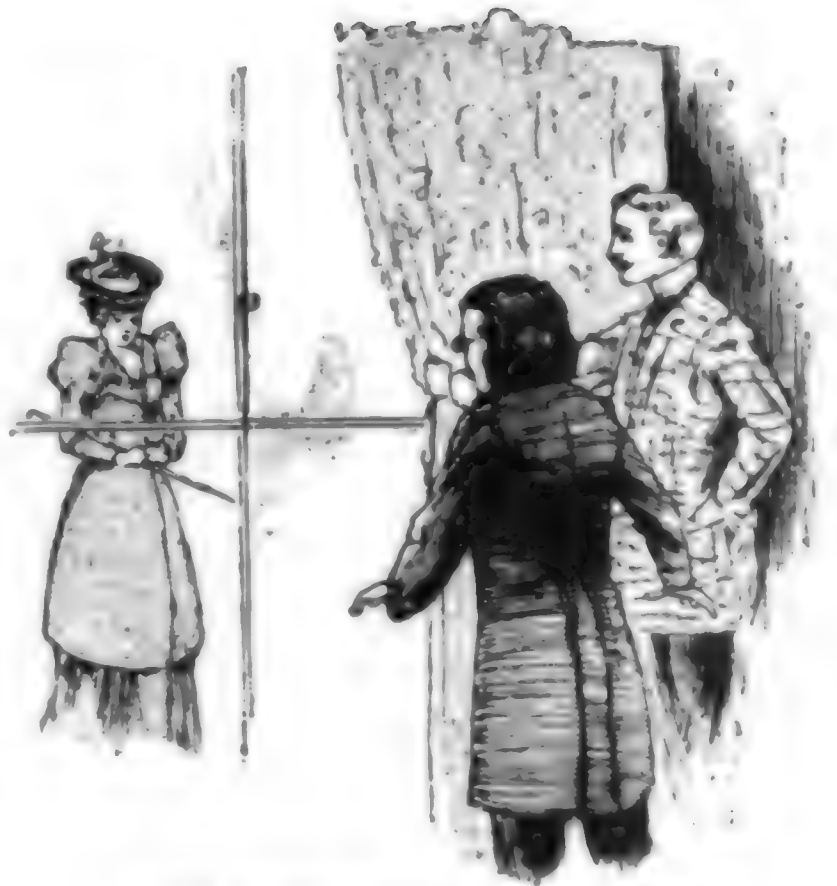
"A pork—pig—svwine—vat you vill. Ow such a charminck lady as Madame Dollie can wears a pork, I know not. It is not a vere flattering emplem. Now, some of ze ozair ladies?"

"Mrs. Lemaire, you know, is the lady robbed."

"Yes, yes; I vants nozzing mit her."

"Then there is Maud Holmay—that pretty girl with whom you flirted so disgracefully last Christmas!"

"Von angel! von cherebimkin! Ne-vaire hev I seen such blue eyes; such pink cheeks, such goldink hairs. If I vas von young boy mit a pewtiful poddy, I would



"SHE IS NOW COMING UP THE PATH."

say: 'Maude, mein little cherebimkin, be mein little Frau.' But I am so ugly; so vere ugly!"

"I don't know whether you know the two Denzas," continued Alec, smiling in spite of himself; "anyhow, I am certain you have never met Mrs. Duval—who is a widow, with eyes ——"

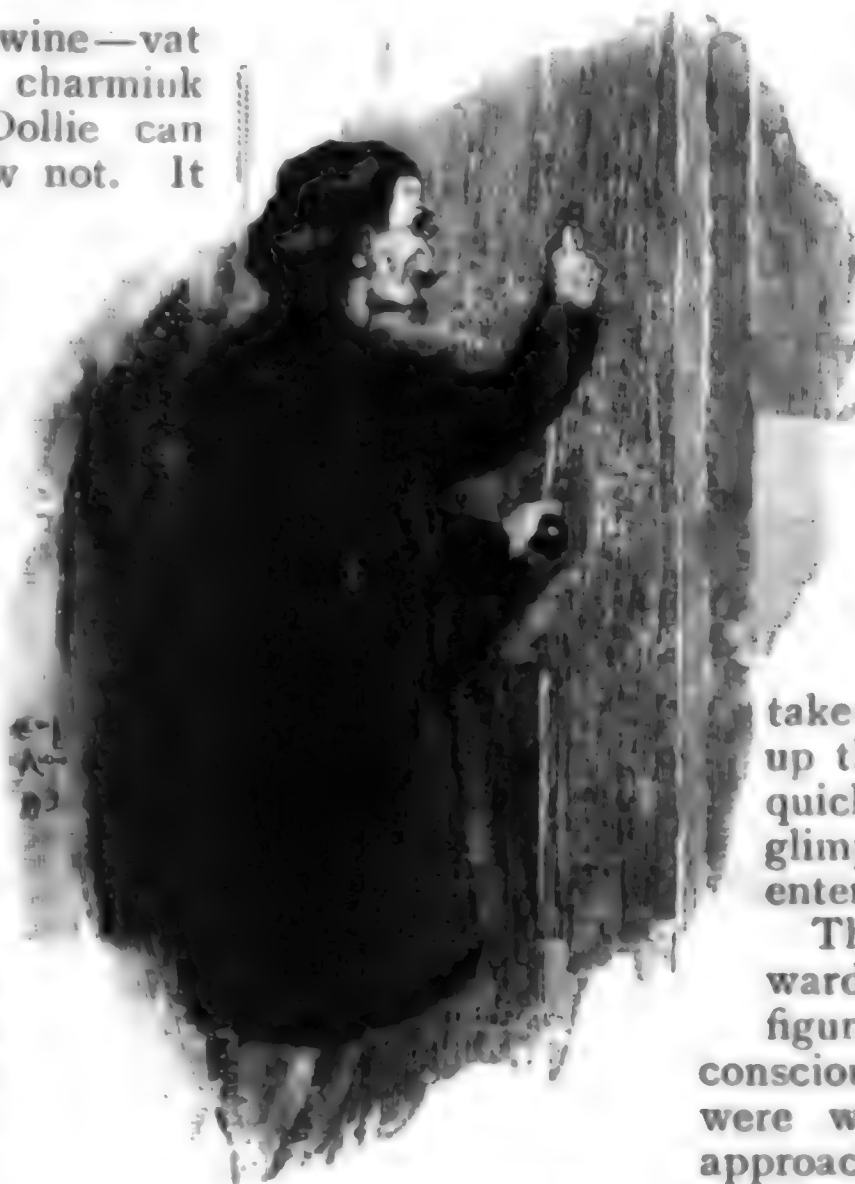
"Ze Denzas are twinlets, are they not?"

I like zem not much; zey giggles an are giddies—and smiles von rudely at me. I heard zem zay I vas von leetle monster! But I not know ze widder."

"She is beautiful; and will, I expect, turn your head;" answered Alec, rising meanwhile and standing against the window, which faced the garden. "If I mis-

takenot, she is now coming up the path. If you are quick, you may get a glimpse of her before she enters the house."

The little man went forward and peered at the tall figure, which, as though conscious that unseen eyes were watching, was slowly approaching the house. She was dressed in grey, a dress



"HOW ZE DEFFIL CAN I KOME IN?"



that displayed to advantage her singular dark beauty. At her breast was an innocent bunch of scarlet berries, and the same touch of colour was visible in her dainty bonnet. A gracious vision of ripe womanhood, but one upon which the German's eyes rested coldly.

Mrs. Duval casually glanced at the window, near which the two men were standing; without, however, noticing the watchers, and with that momentary uplifting of the face, the German started violently. Then into his eyes stole a gleam of cruel triumph, and he began to whistle softly.

Suddenly he startled Alec by saying, "Hev you ever heard of hypnotism, mein Alick?"

"Hypnotism?" echoed Notley listlessly. "Yes, of course I have. But what has that to do with this case?"

"Everyting, everyting. Kome, kome, do not stare dare like von frogge. I am speakin' ze truth, and I vill tell you how. Ven I first komed here, fresh and inderested from my new scientific researches on hypnotism, I said to mein self, de vife von Alick is von admirable subject veron to exberementalise. I remembere tinkin' how much I should like to make some exberement upon her. Vell, some one else has tought so too, and who it iss, ve must find out. Would you like your mind put at rest on ze subject of vree vill? Yes? Den gif me dat ring on your fingere and dat vive pound note lyin' on your desk, and in von quarder of an hour, I, mitout moving from dis spot, vill make your vife kome in and take ze articles and put zem in your bedroom, she not knowin' von vord about it."

"If you do that, then God bless—God bless you!" and, too moved for other words, something very like tears trickled down the cheeks of the anguished speaker.

"I vill do it! I vill do it! But you must geep still, you must geep quiet."

With breathless interest, Notley watched Dr. von Reinhart as he threw himself back in his chair, and, so to say, concentrated all power of will in his eyes. The small body seemed to become perfectly rigid, the hands expanded like the claws of a bird, and the atmosphere was as if charged with magnetic fluid, exerting to a certain extent an influence upon the man whose whole honour was at stake. Long, and then more rapid breaths issued from the chest of the German. Presently he sat erect, and fastened his strange, eerie glance upon the door. "*Come; I command it,*" his look appeared to say.

And then, to Notley's horror, but ah! how much to his intense relief, the door was thrown open, and Lena, with the same air of purpose upon her face, entered. She never paused, she never wavered in the direction she was silently

bidden to take. Straightway she came to the table, swerving neither to right nor to left, and, lifting the ring and note from the spot whereon they had been placed, she slowly left the room.

A moment of intense silence pervaded the study. Dr. von Reinhart sank back, apparently exhausted. Then Alec rose,

and, coming close to his friend, took the thin, nervous hands within his strong brown ones, and held them as though he could never let them drop. "You have saved me from worse than death," he muttered. "Again I say, God bless you!"

"Nevere mind ze blessinks. De ting iss, mein friend, to recovere ze jewels. Ah! vot heve I done? Nozing, nozing. I goost turned up like von gut benny, and before to morrow ends you shall be quite happy. Ze berdies shall sing in zere nests! Von ting more, vipe out all anxiety, heve patience and all vill be vell."

The evening arrived, and with it some previously invited guests. During dinner Dr. von Reinhart was the centre of attraction, for in spite of his quaint diction, he was a brilliant conversationist,



LENA ENTERED.

and, with ready tact, always appeared to choose the topic most sympathetic to his listener. Suddenly he startled Mrs. Nottley, near whom he sat, by asking, in a dry tone, "Vere did you meet that vriend of yours? Ze widow, I mean?"

"On board the steamer, when making a tour up the Rhine."

"How long ago is dat?"

"A year or so."

"And heve she been your combanion evere since?"

"Oh! no. I merely invited her, according to a promise then given, to join our Christmas gathering."

"Ah! zo!" was the Doctor's meditative reply, as he narrowly watched the object of their discussion.

At that moment, Claire, who was his viz-à-viz, looked up and met that piercing glance.

Was it fancy, or did she grow pale as Reinhart, with a little courteous inclination of the head, addressed her with the following abrupt query:

"I vos vondering, madame, vezer ve heve not met before?"

"You and I?" she replied, with a sort of disdainful surprise. "Never to my recollection."

"It is singulaire," persisted he; "I had von idea dat I had seen you. Vere vas it? vere vas it? Ah! vere you not in Rome three years ago?"

The absolute placidity of her countenance convinced those listening that Dr. von Reinhart was labouring under a false impression; and, with a strange light in her large eyes, Claire replied, "I am sorry to contradict you, but I was never at Rome."

"I am habby to hear you say so, and abologize for my observation. Ven I vas at Rome I knew by sight a lady who resembled you, madame, to an extraordinary degree. As it vas not you, I am at liberty to say dat de said lady disabbeared under rather drole circumstances. It vas von strange story, and ven I saw you, it komed back to my mind."

By this time the attention of the whole company was arrested, and the demand for a revelation of the strange story universal.

"No. no," replied Dr. von Reinhart laughingly; "some ozer time I may, perhaps gib you ze incident which at ze time created such a stir in ze higher circles of Rome."

The dinner passed and was succeeded by a dance. All were seemingly in the highest of spirits. Mrs. Lemaire and Max Verner apparently ignored their serious losses, while Alec so bravely concealed his distress that even the closest observers could not have detected the intense agony he had undergone.

He did not dance, however, that misery he could not have supported. About midnight, the tension of his nerves becoming extreme, he threw himself into a secluded seat near the window, and his listless glance unconsciously fell upon the form of Dr. Reinhart, standing in a corner opposite him. At first, his abstraction made him but a superficial observer, but gradually the bearing of his friend riveted his wandering attention.

The German was standing erect, his right hand slightly extended. But this singular attitude might have passed unnoticed, had it not been for the extraordinary expression of his face.

Pale, even to a startling degree, his eyes were following one of the many



"I VOS VONDERING, MADAME."



couples in the circle of dancers. Notley watched the direction of this almost supernatural gaze, and saw that it was centred upon Claire Duval, then waltzing with a stately country squire.

To his amazement he remarked that the widow, usually full of fire and energy, was as if labouring under some great strain, and at first he could scarcely string the two facts into connection.

However, ere a few minutes had elapsed, Claire ceased dancing, sank into a chair standing near, and, as if compelled utterly against her will, sought the spot near which Dr. von Reinhart was leaning, shooting at the same time a glance of concentrated hatred and fury.

"What is the meaning of it all?" thought Alec, momentarily losing sight of his own trouble in the contemplation of the tableau before him.

Reinhart still looked at the crouching, impotent woman, whose pallid face bid fair to rival his own in livid whiteness. Then, as he released her from his subjecting gaze, she rose, and somewhat unsteadily passed from the room.

With a quick, comprehensive gleam in his eyes, the Doctor edged his way to the window where Notley sat, almost hidden, and in rapid tones said:

"Place some one on guard before ze bedroom door of ze widow, Notley, an if she leaves her room tell me zo at vonce. Ask me nozzing—ask me nozzing, but, like von gut boy, do as I tells you."

Alec immediately obeyed the peremptory command, giving in explanation to the woman he set the office of spy, "That the lady was indisposed, and possibly might require the assistance of a doctor."

The last guest had scarcely departed when the servant hurriedly entered the study, where, with Colonel Varien, the two men sat ensconced, and gave the information that "Madame had insisted upon going out for some fresh air, although she looked fearfully ill."

"I tought so, I tought so," the German cried excitedly; "but she will return, she shall return, and here, in dis very room."

Notley saw that in his friend's present state it would be useless to demand any explanation of all he had seen or was about to see. So he merely drew his chair further back into a nook of the dim study, and waited for the next move of his benefactor.

Not long was he kept in suspense. Once

more—he for the second, Colonel Varien for the first time, saw that uncanny concentration of will. Once again the stiffened fingers were raised, and he saw exercised that wonderful power of the eye, which seemed the only living thing in the German's immovable body.

His heart beat almost to suffocation as he heard the rustle of a silken gown approaching.

There was no fumbling at the door-handle; no preliminary hesitation as the hinges swung back, as if struck by furious fingers, and revealed the form of Claire Duval.

She entered—defiance, fear chasing each other across her mysterious countenance. Then she sat, nay, almost helplessly fell into the nearest chair, only conscious of the masterful, all-triumphant will she still strove to combat.

Uselessly. The dreary fear settled still deeper upon her features. She shuddered violently as a question reached her ears; a question uttered in a penetrating, yet weird, far-away voice.

"Listen, and answer," it said.

"I defy you," she replied.

"Who stole the jewels?"

"I know and care not."

"I repeat. Who stole the jewels?"

A baffled cry of rage—then came the words:

"Mrs. Notley."

"By whose desire?"

A mortal struggle appeared to convulse her. At last she yielded.

"Mine."

"Aha! we hev met in Rome. Sleep," he continued, "sleep;" for she fought against the increasing weakness encompassing her. Presently her eyes closed; and, seeing this, Reinhart heaved a sigh of content.

"I hev her now," he muttered fiercely. "Fetch your wife," he cried imperiously; "at once—lose not von minute. My tigress might vake."

In an incredibly short space Alec returned, bringing with him his wife, who, timidly and lovingly, clasped his hand.

"Be not afreid, madame—be not afreid," said the big-headed little man encouragingly; "do all dat I tell you, and you shall be—ach! so habby! Stand closer to your friend—still closer—that vill do. You vill obey me?"

"Of course," whispered Lena.

The utter amazement depicted upon her

small sweet face, the absolute inability to comprehend the scene, would at any other time have raised at least a smile, if not a laugh from the beholder. But here the issue involved too serious an interest, and husband and friends heeded not her half-frightened wonder.

Meanwhile Von Reinhart was exercising that eerie mental activity of which he was master, and slowly raising his hands, he made a few passes above the lovely head of the "Sphinx."

Gradually a contortion of pain was visible upon her mouth, and she mechanically raised her palm, as though to press down the weight of her coiling tresses.

For the third time the question, "Who stole the jewels?" was posed.

And with a yet greater effort of resistance, the sepulchral reply was—"Mrs. Notley."

"Jewels! I steal jewels!" the wife of Alec murmured, for the perception of some hideous wrong done unto her began to dawn upon her senses. "It is a lie! she is mad! Oh! help me, someone?"

"Silence! I am here, for to helps you. Not anozzer word. Who hed made her ter do it?" addressing Claire.

As before, beneath that indomitable will, she answered.

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted them—I could not resist the temptation."

"By vat means did you get them?"

"Gaspingly the words issued from the ashen lips: "she was under my power—a poor weak fool. I bade her steal and bring the jewels to me."

To the ever increasing amazement of Notley and Ralph, Von Reinhart turned his glittering, merciless eye upon Lena, and commenced a few passes before her face. Almost instantly her eyes became as though covered with a film.

Touching her lightly on the shoulder,

he said: "Ask Madame Duval *where* she has concealed the jewels?"

With prompt obedience, Mrs. Notley turned towards Claire.

"Where have you hidden the jewels?" was the automatic repetition.

The only answer was an uncontrollable uplifting of the hands towards her hair.

"Ask her: Are the jewels *there*?"

No reply.

"Unbind her tresses—carefully—more. Ah!"

One by one the pins which held the glorious locks of Claire Duval were withdrawn; and one by one these tresses untwined until they fell like a dark pall, one either side of the chair. A single coil re-



"I DEFY YOU," SHE REPLIED.

mained untouched, so securely fastened that it required considerable skill, nay, almost strength to untwist it.

A curious sound echoed through the room—the sound of indrawn breaths of wonder. For, like the sea casting forth some hidden treasure, that dark lock, as it slowly unwound, showered forth a stream of glistening jewels, which, as they fell, slipped from their black tissue wrappings. None were missing.

Gathering them up, the Doctor, in one complicated movement over the brows of each woman, gradually drew them from their trance.

Then, guilty and guiltless faced each other—one with innocent wonder stamped



upon her visage, the other with all the torments of baffled cupidity distorting her features.

The eyes of the thief wandered over each of the assembled quartette, and at last fastened upon the satirical, sneering countenance of Von Reinhart. "You miserable little whipper-snapper," she almost growled.

"Was not I convinced we had met before, *belle dame*?" he cried banteringly. "You managed this leedle affaire less skilfully than—at Rome."

"Let me pass," she cried in a burst of fury, turning to him with a gesture of loathing and contempt.

"Ha, ha; von burd of Paradise strangled by von wurm! Vat shall ve do mit her, mein Alick?"

"Yes, judge the prisoner!" cried the reckless creature, devilish in her callousness as in her beauty. "You, Colonel Varien, have doubtless held many courts-martial. The decision of such an adept—of such a soldier—is sure to prove a just one."

"Madame, I am not your keeper."

"Forgive, and let her go," broke in Lena's young, pure voice. "Conscience shall be her judge."

"Conscience!" repeated Alec. "Had she any conscience for my wife? Ah! to think," he continued passionately, "we might have drifted apart had God not been merciful, for I deemed you truly guilty."

"All is past," said the sweet woman courageously; "we can afford to be generous. Have I not my home and you? While she, poor mortal—— True, she wronged me—I realise how much when I think of this morning. Still, it is Christ-

mastide, my husband, and we must remember we owe good-will towards all men."

"My saint!" cried Alec, softly.

Then something like shame flickered across the face of her so nobly pardoned.

"Lena, you almost make me regret every unclean action of my life," muttered Claire Duval. "I could almost find it in my heart to bless you, but my tongue has lost the trick. I might have been good had I—well, never mind. Dr. von Reinhart," she proceeded, as though ashamed of her momentary emotion, "we may meet again as equals—I shall not forget you!"

"I am ugly enuf to linger long in ze brain, madame, *au revoir*."

She would have spoken, but Alec Notley silently pointed to the door.

"I am going," she replied recklessly.

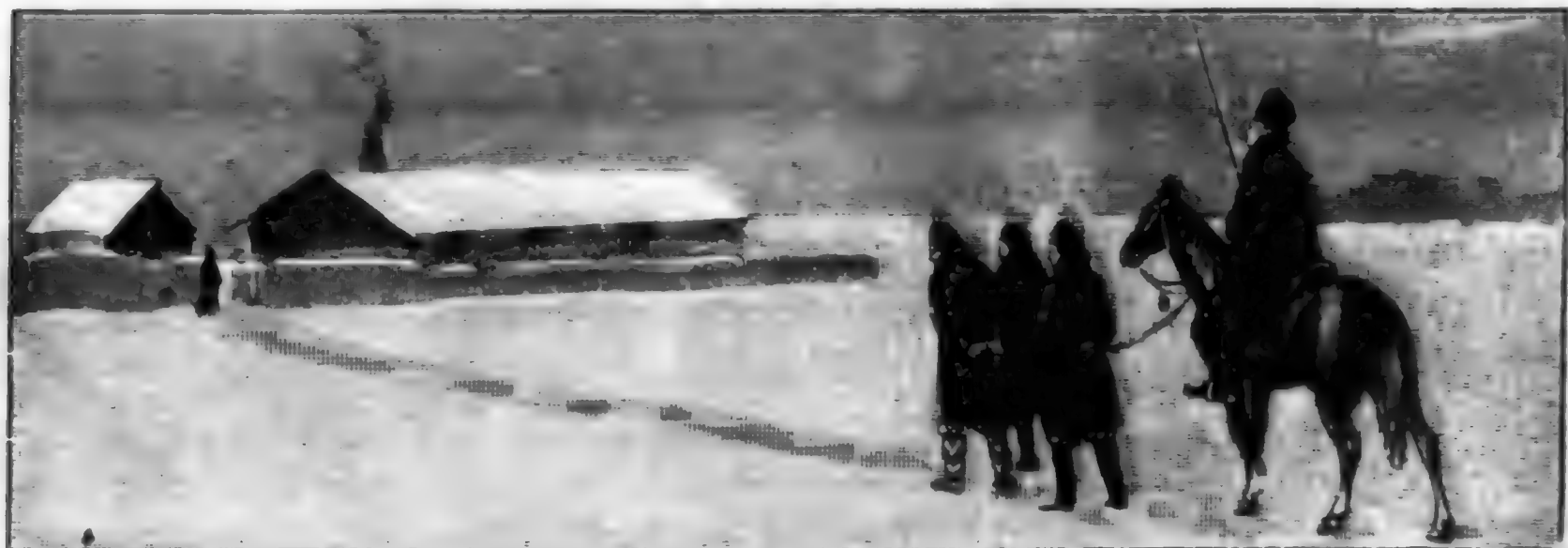
Then the little group moved aside, as, like a fallen queen, the Sphinx passed down the room, regal in her shame as in her pride, dying hard to the last. Six hours later she had departed.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning—a few months hence—Dr. von Reinhart heard a curious report. A lady of high culture and great beauty had created considerable sensation at St. Petersburg by her extraordinary power as hypnotist.

Unfortunately, the science, as manipulated by her, was not appreciated, and the fair Duval had found a home in Siberia.

"It was *addio*, instead of *au revoir*," chuckled the little German. "We shall not meet again, Madame Claire, unless"—and a significant downward pointing of the finger finished his reflection.





*Being  
Travellers'  
Tales  
of  
Strange Perils.*

—  
By  
C. J. MANSFORD,  
B.A.,  
*Author of "Shafts  
from an  
Eastern Quiver," etc.*

V.—THE TADIBE OF DEADMEN'S RIFT.

"**S**PITZBERGEN is in sight!" cried a sailor, as he hastily roused me as I lay asleep in my cabin bunk; 'skipper Wilhelm wants you to join him on deck.' So the host of the Anchor began to relate to us a strange adventure in which, years ago, he had been concerned:

"I followed the sailor and, greeting the skipper, a sturdy Norwegian, stood by his side, looking away to the north to where the top of White Mountain towered above the scarred, fantastic headlands between which the waters of the fjords, in crystal streams, ran into the land.

"'A grand sight!' exclaimed the skipper, repeating a remark I had made; 'aye, to see Spitzbergen under the midnight sun is a good return for all the risks we have run since we sailed from the White Sea.'

"'I want to ask you a question,' said I. 'You accepted me on board the *Cheluskin* as a passenger. On reaching Spitzbergen I alone, save for the crew, am to return. All this time you have carefully avoided reference to my fellow passengers; whenever I attempt to converse with any of them you invariably manage to interpose and to prevent the interchange of civilities. Yet neither from you nor from any of the crew can I get one word of explanation. The reticence displayed seems to me to be unusual—not to call it extraordinary; day by day, as we draw nearer to our des-

tinuation, the gloom on every passenger's face has deepened. The men mutter to themselves, the women's faces grow white with fear. Before I turned in I wandered by chance into a strange gathering. The passengers sat in a listless crowd round



"'SPITZBERGEN IS IN SIGHT,' CRIED A SAILOR."



the galley fire, invited there, I suppose, by the sailors. No one spoke; the men seemed to be suspicious of each other; the women shrank from them; the sailors nodded to one another significantly as I withdrew. Tell me, what is the mystery of the *Cheluskin*?

“For a minute Wilhelm was silent.

“About us floated huge icebergs whose crests changed each minute from golden to scarlet as the light touched them, and they flung purple cloaks of shadow on the waters beneath broken by spreading ribbons of crystal, of azure and of emerald ripples. Peak after peak the mountains rose, their tops blent with the sky and, over all, as on the ship itself, a strange death-like silence brooded, broken at intervals by the sharp crack of cleaving ice or the crash of a vast glacier fragment as it split off and fell sheer down into the waters beneath.

“‘Spitzbergen is a land of wonders—and of tragedies,’ said the skipper thoughtfully, ‘most likely we shall add one more page to its dark history, but what of that?’

“‘I don’t understand you,’ I said, for the skipper’s answer seemed to be no reply to my question: ‘What is the object of landing these passengers on Spitzbergen; surely they are not exercising choice in the mat-

ter?’ Wilhelm pulled vigorously at a stumpy blackened pipe which he favoured, then answered my question with another.

“‘You are of an observant character, Mr. Waring, has anything else of a peculiar nature occurred to you?’

“‘I know that both yourself and the sailors are Norwegian, and that not one of the passengers is,’ I answered; ‘for, in dress and language, it is easy to learn all your other passengers besides myself are Russian.’

“‘There is no mystery in that,’ Wilhelm retorted: ‘A Russ skipper and crew could not be found to undertake the task I have on hand. If you had known what there is to be learnt about these same passengers, most likely I should never

have fingered your passage money. It makes very little difference now—and so you shall hear.’ The skipper shook out the icy particles which clung to his coat of fur, then continued:

“‘As you say, all the passengers, with the exception of yourself, are Russians, and they will not be the first to make the attempt for which we are now entering the fjord of Dead men’s Drift.’

“‘Dead men’s Drift!’ I cried, as I leant over the prow and looked far down into the waters beneath us.



“DOWN HE STOOPED.”



"THEY'RE GONE," SAID KIEF."

'Many a dead sailor lies there, I suppose?'

"'Aye,' he answered: 'as many as there are lying unburied around us. Land where you may choose in this fjord and you will find cave after cave with its dead, for the frozen earth was too hard to turn, and only a sailor gives a sailor's funeral. It is thirty years or more since first I came whaling to Spitzbergen, but now scarcely a whaler touches where for centuries the smooth-backs swarmed, and the rugged sides of the fjords were lined by a busy throng of seamen watching the cauldrons of melting blubber swung over logs of blazing driftwood. Everything went well until a seaman, by some impulse led there, entered one of the caves high above, and found the remains of those who centuries before had tried to colonise the place and failed. Norwegians, Swedes, and even English, as well as the hardy Russ he found; down he stooped and, save for those whom the green mould had disfigured, he saw that never a limb nor feature had changed since they were laid there, for in this

frozen region years pass and pass but leave no traces upon the dead. Down the rocks he scrambled and told of his discovery; what followed afterwards none could explain, but soon the seamen in fear of their lives deserted this strange fjord. Since then none have dwelt there; the seamen shun its shores, and yet it is to this spot that the passengers of the *Cheluskin*, by command of the Czar, are being conveyed.'

"'You mean to leave them there!' I cried, scarcely able to credit Wilhelm's narrative; 'what have they done to be so dealt with?'

"'You may save your sympathy,' he answered; 'they are not politicals but criminals who have chosen between Spitzbergen and the mines. Twice have the men plotted to take the ship but the sailors have thwarted them without coming to actual blows. Once we land the Russians with the year's provisions which the Czar has granted them, the *Cheluskin* will be turned about and they will be left to plot among themselves.' The captain broke off suddenly to speak to the man at the wheel, then carefully ran the vessel close to the rocky ledge on which the whalers long before had landed, and then the boats were lowered. The stores were taken ashore, the criminals provided with arms for their defence, and some rough wooden huts raised in a few days for the necessary shelter.

"The night before that settled for the ship's departure Wilhelm summoned all the criminals and sailors together in a stoutly-timbered log shanty lit by several fires of blazing pinewood. The women came first, followed by the crew of the *Cheluskin*, and ranged themselves about the captain, anxious to hear his advice on the course the settlers should pursue. Slowly the time wore on, and yet the men had not entered the hut. Wilhelm, growing impatient at the delay, sent Kief, one of the sailors, to tell the men he was waiting to address them. I was standing talking to the captain when, on his return, Kief flung the door open and, above the shrieking of the icy blast, he cried out:

"'They're gone! There isn't a man on the island except the sailors!'

"'Gone!' cried Wilhelm, unable to believe in such a ruse being practised upon him. 'Impossible! No one would attempt to cross these icefields at night.'





"THRUST FROM BENEATH THE CLOAK ITS ARM."

" 'There are no signs of the men,' persisted the sailor stolidly, 'and something worse still has happened—they've got on board the ship and are making ready to clear off in her!'

"Wilheim drew his coat hastily about him as he hurried to the door.

" 'Come on, men,' he cried; 'we must stop them at all hazards.'

"The sailors ran to the rocky ledge beside the fjord, only to see the *Cheluskin*, with every stitch of canvas spread, cleaving the waters. Wilheim raised a cry to those on board to put the ship about and return, but up from the deck of the vessel a shout of derision rose, and as the wind bellied out the sails the ship grew more distant still until the sailors lost sight of their vessel altogether. Nothing was left to navigate fjord or sea with, for every boat had been taken with the vessel. The criminals had escaped, and the crew of the *Cheluskin* was left to weather the icy blasts of that inhospitable island.

"Wilheim and I walked back together, eagerly discussing the slightest hope of escape which suggested itself. When we reached the hut, which for the past few days he had occupied, the captain sent for Kief, the sailor, and the three of us sat far into the night planning one thing and that alone—escape.

"Next day, at the captain's suggestion, with Kief in our company, we set out to explore the island, for Wilheim knew very little about it, except that part where the fjord was. Up the precipitous heights we scrambled, our rifles slung behind us, and holding on to the lacerating projections of rock as best we could. Higher up still we found our ascent arrested by a smooth face of rock above which a great boulder projected into space.

" 'We can advance no farther,' I said to Wilheim, as I glanced up at the boulder above us; 'we have no implement with us with which to cut a footing in the sheer wall; there is nothing for us to do but return.'

" 'Wait!' said Kief, and, after a consultation with the captain, the sailor climbed upon the latter's shoulders as he pressed his body against the wall of rock. Kief grasped the projecting ledge and drew himself upon it. Mounting upon my shoulders, the captain succeeded in reaching the ledge. Thence Kief hung over and, kept from falling into space by the captain, the sailor caught my up-

stretched hands and held me so. With every muscle quivering as I hung there above the void, I was raised slowly in the air, until at last I found myself safe upon the projecting rock beside the other two.

" 'Well,' said Kief, as he rose and pointed upwards; 'strange shapes indeed do the rocks take! surely these look like steps carved out by some giant or viking in an idle hour.'

"Straight above us for hundreds of feet the black threatening rocks, rose and from them projections could be seen stretching out as did the mass of rock upon which we rested. Only from that position could we see them, and, recognising the risk of attempting to climb from one to another, we determined to return and to try some other way of penetrating into the island. The return was more difficult than the advance had been. Kief let the captain down in the manner in which I had been raised, but Wilheim could find no footing, and the sailor at last drew the exhausted man up to the boulder again. We sat there almost in despair for our lives, then, without speaking scarcely to each other, we rose and attempted the task before us. Ledge after ledge we reached, and still the giant steps seemed to be in no way diminished. Once, as I hung in mid-air grasping the sailor's hands, the muscles of my left arm seemed to give way, and for one awful moment I swung there held by a single hand. Yet I caught Kief's hand again and was drawn up only to press on with my companions.

"When we reached the top of that strange way we found a great cavern, and there, at its entrance, we saw the bodies of two men, clad in sailor's costume. For years or centuries they may have rested there; we could not tell; in the outstretched hand of one was still grasped a rust-encrusted clasp-knife, the point of which was fast in the frozen soil, as though he had tried to leave some record of his own and his companion's fate upon the rude floor of the cave. We stood together, looking at this strange sight and wondering how the men had reached the cavern, when Kief laid his left hand on the captain's shoulder and pointed towards the interior of the cave.

"There, watching us attentively, was a creature, at the sight of whom we involuntarily drew back, completely startled by the strange appearance which it pre-



sented. From the shoulders of the being which we confronted, hung a cloak of reindeer skin, dyed a bright scarlet colour and drawn in at the waist by an encircling strip of roughly cut hide. Across the shoulder passed a curiously plaited band to which on the opposite side hung a number of large ornaments worked in brass. About the head was a narrow strip of white fur wound once round, and from this hung a veil of scarlet material completely hiding the face, save that from the topmost part of the veil a pair of restless eyes watched our every movement.

"Finding that we did not advance, the strange creature moved towards us and thrust from beneath the cloak of skin its naked arm. Back to the entrance of the cave it pointed, and then, as we stood blankly staring in astonishment, it suddenly dashed past us, and, in spite of its hindering garb, ran at incredible speed along the rocky path which stretched to the right of the entrance of the cave. Over the boulder-strewn way it went, springing from crag to crag, as the broken path beyond led down into a great cup-like hollow resembling the crater of an extinct volcano more than aught else.

"Come on!" the captain cried, who was the first of us to recover his self-possession, 'whatever it is, let us follow.' To my surprise Kief, who had been specially chosen by Wilhelm for our expedition because of his courage in critical moments of danger, flatly refused to do so.

"You are surely not afraid," said Wilhelm abruptly, thinking to overcome the sailor's objections in this way. Kief, imbued with all a sailor's fear of the unknown, was not to be persuaded.

"Whatever it is, I have no fear," he answered stolidly, 'but follow it I won't. Better to die with the others than to be led to destruction by *that*!' and, as he finished speaking, Kief pointed to where the creature was bounding over the piled-up masses of rock, as though it knew not that the first misplaced step would be fatal.

"Then we must leave you behind," answered the skipper reluctantly; whereupon Kief turned from us, saying that he would endeavour to discover another way down to the fjord than the dangerous one we had climbed by. Without further delay, Wilhelm and I hastened on, following the retreating figure. More than once

we regretted not having strongly persuaded the sailor to accompany us as we descended, determined, as we were, to discover, if possible, whoever dwelt upon the island.

"All about us the vast hollow seemed to have become caked with the cindery-brown dust of showers of volcanic ashes; great masses of lava lay there disrupted and piled into every shape conceivable; each abutting fragment that we clung to as down we went was twisted and distorted; great fissures and bottomless chasms gaped beneath us as fearfully we leapt from one rugged mass to another, when we had reached what we thought at first was the base of the hollow. There, however, we found a colossal jagged rent stretching far ahead, its sides black and abrupt, and bounding along it was the one we had previously seen. To pass into the gaping rift other than by a rope seemed hopeless, when suddenly Wilhelm ran forward to a spot at a little distance ahead, whence he beckoned me. I hurried towards him, and there I saw that a number of rough stone steps had appa-



"BETTER TO DIE WITH THE OTHERS."

rently been hewn out, and at once we descended them, Wilhelm, the captain, leading the way. We reached the bottom of the fissure just in time to observe the strange figure suddenly disappear. Quickly we hastened on, and found a cleft in the towering side of the chasm, and through this we ran, then passed beneath a great hanging roof of ice.

"Pendants of ice hung down and clung with frozen tendrils to the glittering floor; in arch and column the ice stretched to the roof; draperies of gauze-like fineness wrapped about each tapering pillar, and, behind all, the sun hung a golden cloud of flame that merged the ice from opal to crimson, and shot across it long splinters and ribbons of colour that made us glance about in sheer bewilderment as on, still on, we went.

"*'We are gaining ground at last,'* the captain cried as, breathless almost, we emerged from the cave, the veiled figure close before us.

"Wilhelm dashed forward, caught the retreating form with one outstretched hand, and then, with the other, tore away the veil from its face. Hair, black and shaggy, dark as the eyes that malignantly scowled upon us; a low forehead but not retreating, wide nostrils and thick lips; skin a tawny hue—such was the appearance of the man whom the captain hastily released as he whispered to me:

"*'A Samojede sorcerer! They will slay us for even touching the sacred Tadibe's garb! Back, back to the ice cave!'*

"Instantly we turned and fled, when from behind every scattered boulder the Samojedes sprang out armed with stout lances, some of which were hurled at us, but without doing us harm. After us they ran, the Tadibe leading the way, and before we had re-traversed half the ice



"RIGID HANDS GRASPED THE BROKEN WHEEL."

cave they caught up and closed with us. For a minute we kept them at bay, then our weapons were wrenched from our hands and, in spite of our struggles to fling them off, the Samojedes succeeded in lashing our arms securely to our sides with some thongs of undressed hide, rendering us completely within their power. Our captors forced us forward, the Tadibe going in front of us and working himself into a frenzy of joy at our capture. We were hurried on for some distance until at last we reached a fjord, where our captors halted and held a conversation, the Tadibe, or sorcerer, flinging himself upon the frozen soil and lying there apparently lifeless, seeming to be in a species of trance—the others waiting in superstitious awe for the sor-

cerer's explanation of his so-called vision.

"After some considerable time the Tadibe motioned for the Samojedes to raise him, and then with his limbs rigid, his eyes staring and glassy—the sight of which seemed to render me powerless—he raised his arm and pointed onward.

"*'The shroud of the ship turns from white to red; the caves of the dead wait for the living,'* he cried, so the captain afterwards explained to me, and the Samojedes' faces grew bright, as though to them the meaning was apparent of the words resulting from the sorcerer's magic sleep. Again were we driven onward towards the entrance of the fjord, and there we saw the roughly-constructed tents of the nomad Samojedes raised about a branching, crescent-shaped inlet. A great sweep of bluish ice covered the entire surface of this inlet, and upon it numbers of the Samojedes were busy raising huge piles of pinewood, of broken masts and spars, of drift timber, the wreckage of many a ship. Nor was this all, for, glancing with astonishment at it, we saw something that



made us involuntarily halt abruptly, heedless of all else.

"Wedged fast in the blocks of ice upon the glassy sheet which stretched across the crescent-shaped inlet, we saw an ice-bound ship. Broken were her masts and battered her gaping hull; topgallant sail, royal and sky sail, furled, hung to icy ropes; the reefed foresail flapped in tatters; the sailor, whose rigid hands grasped a fragment of the broken wheel, stood frozen on the deck!

" 'Our ship!' I cried in amazement to the captain, but he shook his head negatively.

" 'Not ours, but one I saw five years ago I spoke her at sea last before she was thought to have foundered with all hands. Not the *Cheluskin*, that, but the *Northern Star*!'

"Before we could converse further, the men whose captives we were thrust us into a long narrow cave and, seeing many a rigid form outstretched there, we uneasily crouched together, and in that weird place we remained hour after hour, expecting each minute to be dragged out, and slain at the Tadibe's command or bare suggestion. At length several Samojedes, who had guarded the cave, entered, and shaking us roughly, bade us follow them out upon the great sheet of ice where, feeling that to resist would be worse than useless, we made our way close to the huge piles of wood around the frozen ship. We advanced through a quickly-made gap in the throng of men and women there, towards where the sorcerer waited to pronounce our doom.

"Even as we were fast held, the Tadibe raised a weird chant which the others caught up and, snatching a torch from a low bending Samojede, he thrust it into the piles in quick succession as his words to me quickly recurred '*the shroud of the ship turns from white to red.*' The Samojedes, who had apparently wandered to the spot and accidentally found the ship fast in the ice, fearing that it would bring to their tribe ill-luck, were determined to destroy it. The flames caught the hull; a hiss of steam and a cloud of rolling smoke succeeded, then the tongues of fire ran lambent up the sides of the vessel and spread quickly, until the whole ship was a lurid sheet of flame. A great cry rose from the Samojedes as they stood there watching the burning ship, but

above it rose the shrill voice of the sorcerer, condemning us.

"At once the Samojedes flung themselves upon us, and even Wilhelm's face grew ashy pale as they thrust their evil-looking faces close to ours and raised their hands threateningly. Unfastening the thongs which bound our arms, they attempted to fling us face downward upon the ice, when suddenly Kief, the sailor, ran forward, with a cry, to our assistance. In the moment of surprise which his unexpected appearance caused, Wilhelm wrenched himself free from the Samojedes, both he and the sailor coming to my assistance as I lay upon the ice. The instant I felt myself free, I sprang to my feet, and, in sheer desperation, we ran the gauntlet of our enemies, breaking through them as we headed for that part of the inlet which curved seawards.

"Across the slippery ice we ran, pursued by a number of the Samojedes, who drew so close to us that more than once we each had to shake ourselves free, as they tried to pull us down with their hands. Stumbling, slipping, pressing persistently on, we reached the jagged cliffs of the fjord, and, seeing what we thought was a sloping path leading into the interior of the island, we ran up the incline still closely followed by the Samojedes. Beneath the drift which thickly strewn the way we could hear the faint ring of ice as on we went and then saw, to our dismay, that on the right and left a sheer ice wall rose, while that on which we were abruptly ended with a projecting mass which overhung the sea below.

" 'It is all over with us,' said Kief, the sailor, whose regard for Wilhelm had made him eventually follow us and who had watched the whole of that strange scene upon the ice until he found a good opportunity to dash out from his hiding-place to our assistance. 'Try our utmost as we will to beat them off, it can only be a matter of a few seconds before they fling us headlong down.'

"Unarmed, we turned upon the Samojedes and fought for every inch of the way, as they pressed closer and closer upon us, thrusting us back and back until we stood almost upon the edge of the sheer ice wall, making a last desperate struggle for life. One of the Samojedes who opposed us threw himself bodily upon Kief, and the two closed in a determined attempt each to fling the other down. I

caught one glimpse of the Samojede's face and saw that the sailor's opponent was the Tadibe, or sorcerer. For a moment the others ceased to press upon us, but before we could render Kief any assistance in the brief breathing space afforded us by this encounter, his footing on the treacherous ice failed him, and clinging convulsively to each other, the sailor and sorcerer fell sheer down into space as a wild cry broke from their lips, and we two were left still upon the narrow, abutting crag of ice.

"Maddened by the fate which the Tadibe had brought upon himself, the Samojedes thrust the remaining two of us to the very edge of the ice, so that we lost our balance, and, slipping down, we hung to the projection with our hands. Upon us they rained blows that we could not resist, crushing our fingers as we held on desperately to that frail support, when suddenly something happened, such as we little understood at the time. A report, like the firing of many rifles together, assailed our ears, then a heavy grinding noise we heard as the ice wall shivered, tottered and crashed down, casting several of the Samojedes headlong with us as we fell clutching at the empty air.

"I seemed to be falling through endless space, then the sharp, salt edge of the rolling waters struck me, and I remember nothing more till I found myself outstretched upon a mass of floating ice, the captain keeping close watch, and the sorcerer lying there also.

" 'A narrow escape!' cried Wilhelm, when he saw that I was conscious. 'The sorcerer is the only one of the Samojedes alive; poor Kief was killed. I dragged you on to this piece of ice, and, seeing the sorcerer clinging to it for his life, got him upon it also.'

" 'There is no prospect of rescue,' I said to the skipper at last; 'it is only a matter of hours before the end will come,' for every limb and muscle was aching with the cold of the icy blast that swept down upon us, as well as with the chill of the frozen mass upon which we were afloat.

" 'None,' he answered, 'the *Cheluskin* is far enough away from us, and no other ship could possibly rescue us in time.' We rose slowly on the ice, and climbing up to the peak of the floating berg, glanced anxiously round in the faint hope of seeing some vessel, although that it seemed was

not to be. Behind us lay the islands of Spitzbergen, rising rugged and grand and wilder still in the morning sun, than when first we had sighted the land. About us floated masses of ice even greater than that upon which we were, but of human life upon that sea we saw none save ourselves. All day we floated on, further from land. Nothing relieved the dull monotony of that strange journey upon the iceberg, until far into the afternoon, and then the Tadibe, who had been tracing out mystic signs, rose and slowly made his way towards us. Fixed were his black, piercing eyes, his hair hung wet and half-frozen to his shoulders, every feature was working with passion at the threat of the impending fate which he could not avert.

" 'The Sjadaei deserts me!' he cried, as the glitter in his eyes grew fiercer, and from beneath his torn and shaggy garment he drew forth a strangely-carved idol of human form, not longer than is the length of a man's hand. We watched him with a fascination akin to horror as his passion overmastered him,



"FLUNG THE IDOL INTO THE WATER."



and with a weird scream of wrath, mingled with despair, he flung the idol into the waters breaking against the base of the iceberg.

"‘Look out!’ cried Wilhelm warningly to me, thinking that the Tadibe’s wrath would be spent upon us now that his curious talisman was cast away. Still the sorcerer stood, every feature growing rigid as when we saw him simulate the trance, then suddenly giving way to his despair, he flung himself off the berg, crashing with a sickening thud upon a projecting scarp, from which he fell into the sea, nor did we get one glimpse of his body again.

"Despair indescribable came upon us; we lay down muttering incoherently to ourselves, when after an interval of silence the captain rose up and glanced out to sea. I looked to where he pointed with his stiffening forefinger as he cried hoarsely:

"‘A ship! A ship! but it sails from us and not towards us.’ He clung to the berg with one arm and wildly fluttered in the air, his coat which he had hastily put off; and, raising our voices together, we cried out for rescue. Again and again we shouted with all our remaining strength, and then, faintly across the lonely waste of waters, we caught the sound of an answering cry.

"Nearer loomed the ship, nearer and still nearer, and our hope of rescue grew more and more assured, then as his eyes marked each sail and mast, and the hull of the vessel drawing close, the captain’s face grew blank with despair.

"‘Our ship, my ship—the *Cheluskin*!’ he cried; ‘the men on board will not, they dare not rescue us!’ Down once more upon the ice he flung himself, but the hope inspired of being released from our danger urged me to send back an answering cry to those upon the vessel each time they shouted across the waters.

"We saw a boat launched at last, and each of us grew wild with excitement. What would the Russians do when they recognised us?

"When the boat drew close to the berg we hastened down the sloping side and saw that each man of the crew was a Norwegian sailor. Quickly they got us upon the boat, no less surprised to see Wilhelm and myself as those they had saved than I was to notice that the crew

consisted of not a single Russian. No word of explanation did we get until we were safe on board the *Cheluskin*. Then Wilhelm, after a hurried conversation with one of the sailors, came aft to where I was and said:

"‘The Russians have fortunately been outwitted. Listen how. When they secretly got on board the *Cheluskin* they ordered the few seamen I left upon her to go below. When these refused, the sailors were thrust down below and kept there, until finding themselves unable to manage the ship, they made terms with the seamen. Only a few hours ago the sailors managed to get the Russians below on some pretext, and hammered down the hatches beneath which they are still prisoners.’

"‘What are you going to do with them?’ I asked in surprise.

"‘Take them back to Spitzbergen,’ the skipper answered; and, examining the bearings, he headed the ship once more for Deadmen’s Rift. There he landed the Russians, who at first fought desperately for the vessel with the crew, but whom the sailors overcame. Getting his own crew safely on board, Wilhelm succeeded in making the White Sea port from which he had sailed, without further mishap. The strangest part of the settlers’ history is this: the captain, after considerable official delay, secured an audience with the Czar at St. Petersburg, and laying the sum he had received for his services at the august ruler’s feet, he insisted on returning it, nor could he be persuaded to touch the roubles again. Eventually the captain obtained an ukase from the Czar pardoning all those banished to that inhospitable spot, so graphically did he describe the rigour and misery of their exile.

"Back to the exiles Wilhelm sailed the following year, as soon as the opportunity came for him to do so. He entered the fjord, he explored Spitzbergen for many weary weeks, but of the Russians he found not one, alive or dead. No signs of a conflict with the Samojedes did he see. What became of them—whether a passing ship had rescued them or something else beyond his power to discover had happened, he could not tell; the exiles had vanished and left no traces behind them—none!"

# *A Chat with Mr. W. F. Peall,*

## *Champion of English Billiards.*

**T**HE attention of lovers of billiards has, during the last few months, been considerably aroused by the visit of John Roberts, junior, to the United States to meet the American champion Ives. Although victory, in the majority of games, rested with the American player, the difference between the American and English game is so wide that the meeting of these two players can scarcely be called satisfactory. English billiards as usually played has no finer exponent of the game than Mr. W. J. Peall, who holds the championship cup.

Of late years, however, the majority of matches decided between our leading players have been with the spot-stroke barred. The reason for this being the extreme proficiency, almost amounting to perfection, which was reached by W. J. Peall, W. Mitchell and other players.

Perfection at this, as in any other sport, became undesirable, anomalous as the phrase may appear. The devotees of

the game, who attend these champion billiard tournaments, grew tired of the monotonous regularity with which the red ball was pocketed from the spot. So, to supply greater variety in the game, it has grown customary during recent years to exclude the spot-stroke, the result being a more all-round game; but, at the same time, many players consider that in an open match, played under

the title of English billiards, the spot-stroke should not be excluded. With the desire of securing some interesting matter on this point and on the game in general, the writer interviewed Mr. Peall by appointment at his exhibition match-room, in Catherine Street, Strand, where during the season he is usually to be found playing one or other of the prominent billiard players of the day.

Most cueists, doubtless, have visited at some time, the fine and spacious chamber in which some of the most renowned players of the day are to be seen. The ground floor



From a Photo. by]

MR. W. J. PEALL.

[Montague Atkinson.



is occupied with billiard tables in various beautifully finished woods, manufactured by the world-renowned firm of Thurston and Co., who, I believe, are the oldest makers in the trade. Previous to proceeding with my interview with Mr. Peall, I was invited into the cosy office of Mr. Stevens, the managing proprietor of Messrs. Thurston and Co., and whilst consuming a fragrant havanna with my kindly host, I was shown many interesting mementoes relating to the noble game. In its infancy the science of billiards, naturally enough, was of a very primitive nature. The tables with wooden beds were anything but level, whilst the cushions of list or felt quite deadened the balls in their play. A break of twenty or twenty-five was considered a feat of exceptional merit, and matches of a few hundreds up only were played. Of the many sketches which I saw adorning Mr. Stevens' sanctum, I borrowed several for reproduction in these pages. The old print dated 1819, showing the billiard-table of that day, and the players in the costume of the age, struck me as a good contrast with those of to-day.



MR. GEORGE D. STEVENS.



THE BILLIARD SALOON AT OSBORNE.

BILLIARD ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE (Table made from timbers of the *Royal George*.)

The original of Wm. Kentfield, one of the early champions, and John Roberts, sen., in his younger days, were cleverly executed in water-colours. Among the illustrations of this article will be found photographs of tables supplied to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, manufactured by Messrs. Thurston and Co. The Windsor Castle table, it may be interesting to note, was built of oak from the timbers of the *Royal George*, which foundered off Spithead.

The firm of Thurston and Co. was established in the latter part of last century, and for some years the business was carried on in Newcastle Street, Strand. In 1814, John Thurston removed to the premises now occupied by the firm—16, Catherine Street, Strand—and confined himself exclusively to the manufacture of billiard tables. He obtained the Royal warrant in 1833, and ever since that date the house of Thurston and Co. has been the only billiard firm holding the appointment of makers to the reigning

sovereign. In addition, they hold the warrant of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and are makers to the Billiard Association of Great Britain. To them was entrusted by that body the manufacture of the present standard table, which is the only pattern recognised by them. To Thurston and Co. belong the credit of introducing the two greatest improvements in connection with billiard tables—namely, the slate bed and indiarubber cushions; the first superseded the curious old oak framework, and the latter the list cushions, which to the present day are sometimes used on the Continent.

The managing partner of the firm, Mr. George D. Stevens, is vice-president of the Billiard Association and a member of the London Chamber of Arbitration; and during the period he has held the reins of management, two great improvements have been patented and successfully brought into use—the “Adamant” block, which renders the cushions very fast, and so deadens the sound of the ball when striking, that the game played is almost



noiseless; the other improvement is the bottomless pockets, an idea which, in altered forms, has been since adopted by other billiard firms. By withdrawing the ball from the bottom instead of the top of the pocket, the cloth is not worn and rendered unsightly at the pocket openings.

Messrs. Thurston and Co. have taken gold medals or highest awards wherever they have exhibited their goods—from the London Exhibition of 1851 to Kimberley last year, where they secured the gold medal. Messrs. Thurston and Co. have a large manufactory and branch business in Cape Town.

Adjourning to Mr. Peall's private room, I proceeded to elicit his opinion on billiard matters in general.

Of course, our conversation turned to the American contest before referred to. In answer to my query, as to whether he thought the best man won? Mr. Peall replied: "That, in his opinion, no conclusion could be arrived at as to the



JOHN ROBERTS, SENIOR, 1849.



WM. KENTFIELD, 1849.

comparative merits of Roberts and Ives, owing to the difference between the American and English tables. Ives, the American champion appeared to be best at the cannon game, and his chief endeavour was to get the balls jammed in the mouth of a pocket, when an almost endless series of cannons could be made. Ives also appeared to pick up the English game much quicker than Roberts could the American style of play."

"Would you care to meet Ives yourself, Mr. Peall, on the English table at the English game?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "but I do not think I should trouble to go to America for the purpose. I am not much of a gad about; England is good enough for me."

"Do you consider that an ordinary amateur, by taking lessons, can improve his play to any extent?" I next demanded.

"To a considerable extent he can; but there is no doubt to attain any great proficiency a player

must have a certain gift for the game, and then, with practice and careful tuition, he could get on.

"I commenced when I was quite a youngster, and took very kindly to the game, and when fifteen years of age I could play billiards fairly well; then owing to our removal to a house where we had no table, I seldom played until after attaining my twenty-second birthday.

"We then moved into our present house, which had a very fine table, and I soon began to go ahead, making breaks of four and five hundred. This was too good for any amateur, and I could rarely get any one to play with me. My first professional match was at the Aquarium, where I entered as an amateur, having agreed to transfer the prize, if I won it to the next man.

"After the match, however, the authorities of the day deemed that my playing with professionals excluded me in future from amateur contests, and I then had to consider whether I should give up playing or take my stand as a professional cueist. After deep cogitation, I decided

on the latter, and I am pleased to say I never had reason to regret it."

"You hold the record for the biggest break, do you not, Mr. Peall?"

"Yes, I made three thousand, three hundred and four in November, 1890. I made this run in a match of fifteen thousand up against C. Dawson and I finished the game in forty-nine innings, which I believe is a feat which has never been surpassed; my next largest break was two thousand, four hundred and thirteen, and I have several times made two thousand. These breaks all included the spot-stroke. With the spot-stroke barred, I have made a break of five hundred and seventy-one, and breaks of over four hundred five times. The quickest game of one thousand up was made by me in 1884 in forty-four minutes. This I think, still holds the record."

"Do you train at all for your matches?" was my next question.

"No," Mr. Peall replied, "I am always playing someone or other, which is continual practice; but I never diet myself in



THE BILLIARD ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM.



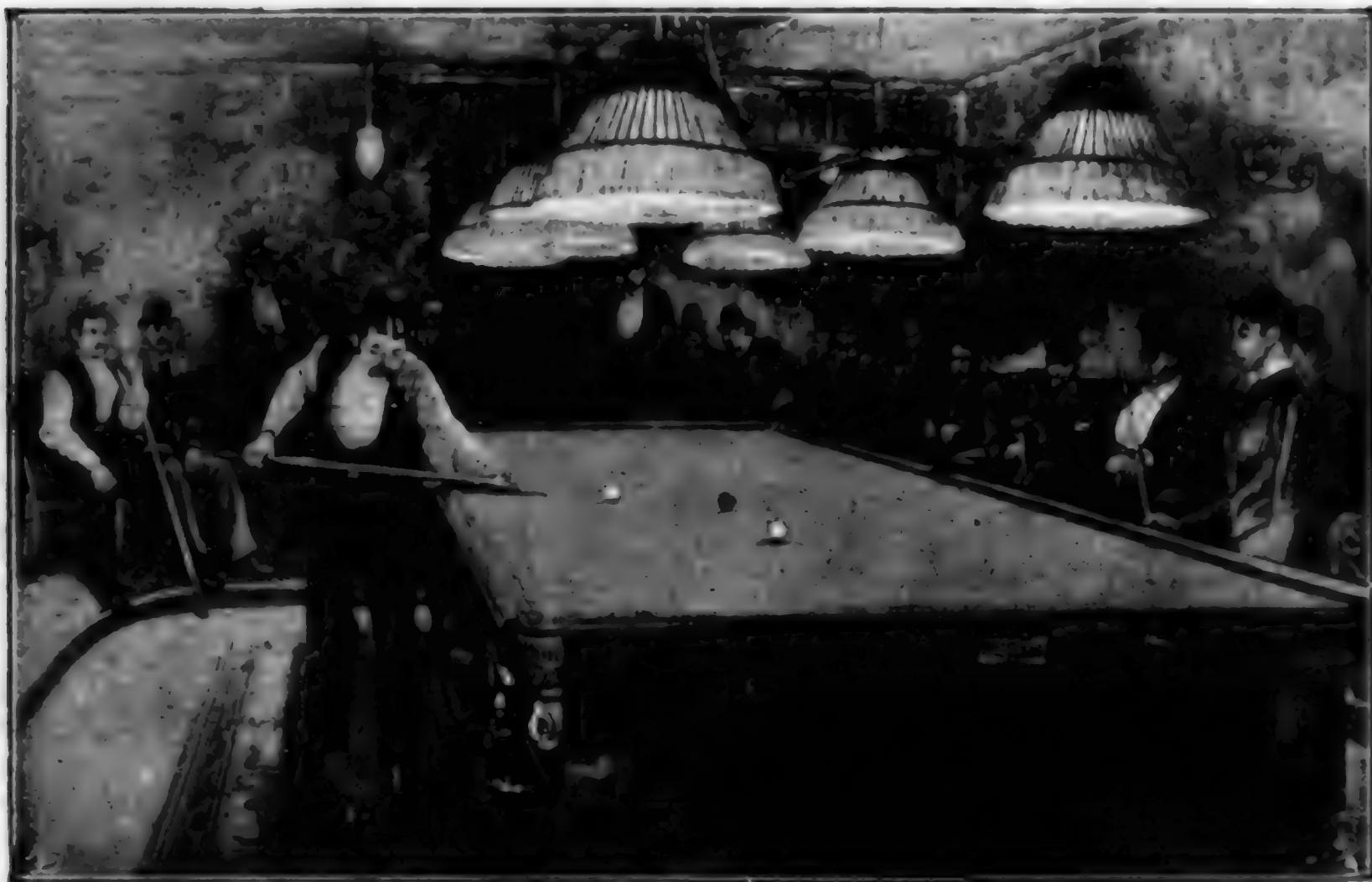


A BILLIARD MATCH, 1899.

any form. I go in for cycling a good deal; in fact it is my chief out-door amusement, and you may be surprised to know that the old high ordinary is my favourite, although recently I have ridden a safety."

"I presume that you never suffer from nervousness?"

"No," he replied, "at least not in the ordinary way, but in a closely-contested match the excitement is very severe and I presume the nervous system is in some extent affected; but as a rule the excitement of the game gives me an increased zest, which, of course, keeps one up to the mark. I have noticed over and over



A BILLIARD MATCH AT THURSTON'S, 1893.—PEALL V NORTH.

again when I have been out of form and commenced to blunder, I usually go from bad to worse, and then, perhaps, I pull off a difficult stroke and recover my usual tone.

"I really believe that when one feels that he is going to play badly the thought guides the result; what I mean is this, supposing I am about to play a stroke and fear I may miss it I actually play to miss, the fear being more predominant than the expectation to play the stroke correctly. Let me illustrate what I mean again; how often in cricket do we hear the phrase that 'a rot' has set in, the wickets falling in an unaccountable manner, perhaps the first two or three men get out unluckily and then the rest fear to make a bad stroke, lose their nerve and make the very errors they have feared to make."

Referring to the controversy always to the fore when championship games are in question, Mr. Peall naturally expressed himself strongly on the matter. "John Roberts," said he, "may consider that the spot-barred game is more scientific than the game with the spot stroke in, and possibly he is right, and Ives doubtless contends that his game is more scientific than either the spot-barred or the spot-in game; but I contend that the English game of billiards includes the spot-stroke and no championship could be



MISS MABEL PEALL.

decided without it."

"Do you think the public take as much interest in billiards now as formerly," was my next question, to which Mr. Peall replied, he thought first-class matches were attended as well or better now than ever, but that the minor contests did not receive so much patronage, which he considers to be owing to the increase in number of these small matches.

The day on which I visited Mr. Peall he was playing E. Diggle, of Manchester, who he (Peall) thinks is the coming man,

and later on in the evening, as I watched the play between these two I certainly agreed with Mr. Peall's remark. During our conversation Mr. Peall informed me that billiards were becoming very fashionable with the fair sex, and amongst his pupils he had several ladies who were becoming expert amateurs. His little daughter, Mabel, who is thirteen years of age, inherits some of her father's aptitude for the game; she already compiles breaks which an ordinary amateur would be proud to accomplish. Her father thinks if she still continues a liking for the game, when she grows older she would secure a large *clientèle* of lady-pupils, who would prefer to be taught by a woman rather than a man; so perhaps in the near future we may see a Ladies' Championship Billiard Match—why not?



# *A Woman's Victory.*

By TOM A. McKEE, B.A.

**T**HEY were born in the same week: he in Stillcourt Hall, and she in the old Parsonage. The houses stand close together, and their masters—Sir Anthony Stillcourt and the Rev. Dr. Elwood Stillcourt were brothers. After a few years, the little cousins, Arthur and Nellie, made mud pies together; then, a little later, they went together to school in the village close by, and in these early days they were very fond of each other. When Arthur was twelve years old, he was sent to Eton, where his elder brother was, and Nellie felt very lonely without him, for her sisters were much older than she; too old to play with her or take any interest in her childish doings; and, indeed, apart from the question of age, the little last comer was not a favourite at the Parsonage. She was a lively, plain-spoken child, very unlike her sisters in every way, and her presence seemed to jar more or less upon everyone in the stately, respectable old house. So, as year after year passed, all the home love was divided among the others, and Nellie grew up, into a reserved, unattractive girl, with no very amiable temper, who spent her days to very little purpose; and when she came down late for family prayer, or slept under her father's fine sermons, or read a novel on Sundays, all of which she often did, Dr. Stillcourt would often bring her to his study, and spend half-an-hour in pointing out the error of her ways; but Nellie felt rebellious more than repentant on these occasions, and then her only comfort was to pour out her lonely

troubles in long, besmudged letters to cousin Arthur, who, in turn, gave her much honestly-meant boyish advice, which was not, however, very well suited to her case.

Arthur had his own troubles, too, but they did not weigh very heavily on his happy disposition. His brother was at the top of the school, while he was very low down, and many a time did he throw aside a half-read letter of stern reprimand from Sir Anthony, to forget his shortcomings forthwith in the delights of the cricket field. Of the two, Arthur was the favourite with the boys, for he was generous and lively and everyone's friend; whereas Percy was proud and cold with all except a very few young aristocrats whom he deigned to consider his equals; for as the head of a new generation of the fine old Stillcourt line, everyone paid him so great homage that since he was old enough to understand his own importance he was never, properly speaking, a boy.

After school came college for the brothers: Oxford for Percy, who was meant only for a gentleman, and Sandhurst for Arthur, who must earn his bread as a soldier. Through all these years, the cousins saw little of one another, but they were very faithful—their childish love had never died. Nellie cared for no person except Arthur, and Arthur, who liked nearly everyone in a general, free-and-easy way, would open his secret heart only to her.



NELLIE GREW UP.

One dismal winter's evening all the folks from the Hall and the Parsonage were away at a hunt supper—all but two, that is, for Miss Nellie Stillcourt was not there, nor was Lieutenant Arthur Stillcourt. Neither of these were missed, however, for "that odd girl Nellie" never went out anywhere, and as for Lieutenant Arthur, his recent arrival from Sandhurst was quite overlooked since the advent of his elegant and gifted brother from the Continent. And these two unnoticed ones wandered for hours, hand in hand, through the sad desolation of the damp, leafless woods around the Hall.

Arthur was just what his boyhood had promised: pleasant-looking, careless and goodnatured, and Nellie thought him nearly perfect. Nellie was a homely and rather delicate-looking girl, but Arthur could see in her face what no one else saw there, and with him she was neither stupid, nor silent, nor surly. So they were very happy to be together once more; but, after all, it is hard for cousins of twenty-two to feel toward one another as cousins of eleven may.

Late that night, while Dr. Stillcourt sat putting the finishing touches to next Sunday's sermon, with half-a-dozen great books open about him, Nellie came into the study.

"Are you very busy, father?"

Dr. Stillcourt glanced at her as he raised his head with an utter absence of expression in his cold blue eyes.

"I ~~am~~ rather busy, daughter," he said; "but it is seldom that you come to speak to me; I wish it were oftener. You seem to have something important to tell me."

Nellie felt repulsed, as usual, by his frigid manner, but she bore it better now than she could have done yesterday.

"While you were away to-night Arthur asked me to marry him, and he will come and see you to-morrow," she said abruptly.

"Nellie," he replied, with not the least change in his face, "I have long suspected, though I must say, I fail to under-

stand Arthur's great liking for you; but this declaration is very premature—he has nothing to marry on."

"No, father, but in two years he will have enough."

"Well, my dear, your disposition is not a happy one, and far be it from me to take away any grain of comfort you have found, but I long that you would go for true and enduring comfort to a higher, nobler source than poor weak man." He lifted his eyes towards the ceiling; but Nellie was silent. "I could have wished for a different sort of husband for you; however, I shall consent to your marrying Arthur—when his income is sufficient,



"ARE YOU VERY BUSY, FATHER?"

that is—and I do not wish to pain you, daughter, but merely to prepare you for what is, alas! only too possible—that is, if you both remain of the same mind until then; but two years is a long time for a gay, selfish worldling, with only his inclination to direct him to —" The door slammed noisily behind him, and the doctor looked up to find himself alone.

"At least Arthur is no hypocrite," said Nellie to herself, as she went up to bed. An undutiful, rebellious little heathen she was, and who was to blame for it?

"Well, I never; this passes my understanding; there's no accounting for taste,"



remarked the family the next morning at breakfast, before Nellie came down.

\* \* \* \*

"Only ten minutes more to say 'good-bye' in," whispered Arthur; "and remember, Nell, when they try to sit on you, or make you miserable, don't you let them. They're not fit to black your boots."

"I'm afraid we're very wicked, Arthur; it cannot be right to speak this way about our own family. I sometimes think I'll try how it feels to behave just as they do."

"And if you *do*, Chuckie, you'll be a sham like the rest of them," broke in Arthur. "I'll admit that we aren't very loving or dutiful children, but I won't admit the crime of it. What are our eyes for? Why, there's not one in the whole lot that would go to a prayer-meeting or district visiting, or any place else if they couldn't hang this month's fashions on their backs. Whew! it's sickening. Percy wouldn't preside at the missionary meeting last night because he cut his handsome chin while shaving—sent word (along with a five pound note), that he was suddenly and seriously indisposed. Good, upright pillar of the Church!"

And Nellie chuckled wickedly at Arthur's delicious irony. Then the conversation came back to a very old and very interesting subject, and the minutes slipped past.

"Good-bye, Nell."

"Good-bye, Arthur."

The train moved off, and as Nellie crossed the road to the Parsonage gate, she wished, in her selfish little heart, that she could fall asleep for the next two years.

\* \* \*

Only a year has passed since they said good-bye, and yet Arthur is already coming home from Malta. Coming home, not as poor Lieutenant Stillcourt, for he has resigned his commission, but as the master of Stillcourt Hall. For Percy—Percy the paragon is dead; killed

in the hunting-field, and old Sir Anthony is gone too—he died of grief very soon after.

In the Parsonage things go on much as usual, save that all the family are clad in the most respectable mourning, and folks are beginning to whisper and gossip about "that queer girl Nellie." "She engaged to Sir Arthur forsooth! Well; wonders will never cease."

Yet now that he was coming home, Nellie's happiness was not unmixed, and she tried hard to shake off a dread that no other knew of. Arthur had been most regular in writing: almost painfully regular indeed. Twice a week, a long and loving budget came from him, but in the last few months, Nellie sighed almost unconsciously while she read some of these, for they seemed to her in places just the least bit hurried and forced. Vague rumours, too, of a fast, wild life had found their way before him to the Hall; and while some folks whispered enviously, and others shook their heads, the girl would sometimes creep up to her own room and sigh before the looking glass, and no one but herself seemed to notice that her face had grown thinner and paler than it had ever looked before.

\* \* \* \*

He has been master of Stillcourt Hall for three months now. Two military friends are staying with him, and the country side is filled with the praises of the open-handed, genial Sir Arthur—but in the Stillcourt circles heads are shaking gravely.

One bright evening in June Nellie stood alone at the Parsonage gate, wrapped in a heavy shawl, and there was a look of utter sadness in her eyes, but presently she assumed a less wretched air as Arthur came whistling along the road.

"Well, Nell, my love, how goes it?" he said, as he put his arm through hers and led her to a seat. "Why don't you



"GOOD-BYE."



NELLIE STOOD AT THE PARSONAGE GATE.

hurry up and get strong again, miss? The old place yonder is absolutely going to bits for want of a mistress, and my venerable mother threatens to leave at a week's notice. 'Pon my word, you know, Nell, it's too bad of you to get knocked up first thing when a fellow comes home—quite a doubtful compliment, in fact. And then, you look as woebegone as a sepulchre—aye, even though you *do* smile so bravely at me. You must get out of these nervous, melancholy doldrums at once. Do you hear me, miss?"

The girl looked at him with a face full of love, but the bitter tears *would* come, in spite of everything, for she saw that he was changing — that he *had* changed, though few would notice it as yet, perhaps. His back was stooped a little and his face was a trifle flushed, and his eyes had lost some of their sparkle, but it wounded Nellie most of all to see the shadow of a pained look upon his brow when his eyes met hers. He was very good to her, it is true; just as loving and kind as ever, but she knew what Arthur never meant her to know, and she had made up her mind to take a step this evening the very thought of which made her feel sick and faint.

"Arthur," she said quickly, but

with a choking voice, "Arthur, you know the way I love you, so you will not misunderstand me, but I want to say something to you. No one thinks there is very much wrong with me, and the doctor can find out nothing, but I think—I *know* I shall never be strong again, and—and—Arthur, it would not be right for me to marry you." Her face was like death now, but Arthur drew her closer to him.

"Nell," he said, "this will never do. Why will you let these hideous nervous fears take hold of you? I will not listen to you. I will *not* leave you. I love you more—far more now——"

"Don't, Arthur; don't. You cannot say it."

His head fell forward. Nellie had found him out, and he was silent.

"I do not blame you," Nellie went on, and she seemed to borrow strength from despair, "for you have acted nobly, and I know you would marry me to-morrow, though some of your love has turned to pity, and—and, Arthur, I want to say something else that I wouldn't dare to say if I did not think you loved me a good deal



HIS HEAD FELL FORWARD.



still, and even if it vexes you, I will try and bear it. I know things that you do not think I know; Arthur, and—I am sure you do not feel quite satisfied with the way you are spending your time, and—and——. Oh! you would *never* do a mean, dishonourable thing. Think, Arthur, think for my sake before you go further than you intend. Remember that Captain Ferris is your guest—your friend, and Mademoiselle Demette belongs to him."

"Stop, Nell. Stop, for heaven's sake," he groaned, as he fell on his knees beside her. "That woman has bewitched me—she is a sorceress; but I swear to you, Nell, I will never see her again. I will go away—we will both go away from here."

But Nellie had fallen forward upon his shoulder, for her burden was greater than she could bear.

No one saw much of Arthur for the next week. He was very miserable-looking, and every morning and evening he came to ask how Nellie was, but, though she grew a little stronger as the days passed, she would not see him; she was afraid to trust herself. A morning came, however, when Arthur did *not* call, and while Nellie looked for him sadly from her bedroom window Captain Ferris went past the gate and turned into the railway station; and she fancied that he looked worried and unhappy. It was only a trivial thing, surely, but it was enough to add a fresh fear to the girl's misery. Why did the captain keep putting off and putting off his marriage?

About noon, Nellie gave the

butler a note for the Hall. It was very short: "Dear Arthur, can you come over and see me this afternoon? I am better, I think, and I would like to speak to you. Yours lovingly, Nell." And she felt miserably like a spy as she whispered something to the messenger. But John was her confidant; she would say to him what she could not bring herself to say to her mother and sisters, for the old servant was "Miss Nellie's" only champion in the Parsonage. Indeed, for the last few days, she spoke only with him, for the upstairs folk treated her more abominably than ever since her engagement with Arthur was broken off.

John was very awkward and fidgety when he came back.

"Well, miss," he said, "Captain Ferris is gone to N——, an' won't be back till to-morrow night; an' the butler says as he can't think what took him."

"Well, and the master, did you see him?"

The servant looked very uncomfortable.

"Yes, miss, I did; an' he says he'll come, miss; an'—but——"

"But *what*, John?"

"But, miss, I wouldn't expect him too sure; he don't seem quite himself like, an'——. There, there, Miss Nellie, don't take on that way, now don't. You'll only hurt yourself and do him no good, an' you know, miss, young gentlemen like him is always a bit wild like at irst, an' he'll come to, after a bit, miss."

Nellie flung herself upon the bed, and the old man's eyes were dim as he left the room. All through the long, bright afternoon she sat by her win-



GAVE THE BUTLER A NOTE.



WITH HIS HAT ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

dow, hoping against hope that he might come.

When the twilight was deepening into night, Arthur left the Hall, and the servants glanced at one another, and shook their heads when he passed them with his hat on the back of his head. He did not know that a pale face watched him from the Parsonage; he did not notice a shaking little figure that shrank into the shadow of the wall as he passed the gate, nor did he hear his name whispered, nor the sob which came with it, for he was singing noisily as he swaggered along towards Ivy Cottage. It was here that Mademoiselle Demette lived, and Arthur chuckled to himself, and thought what a fool Ferris was to leave his affianced with no one but an old bed-ridden aunt to look after her.

In about half an hour, when he had nearly reached the house, he paused suddenly to listen, for someone was hurrying very fast after him along the road—running apparently—and when he saw that it was a girl's figure, a maudlin smile came over his face.

"Is that you, Constance?" he said.

No, it was not Constance. It was

Nellie, and she reeled and staggered as she came up to him and fell down at his feet.

"Quick, Arthur, quick!" she panted; "he is back—he is close behind me." Arthur was sober in an instant.

"Nell, Nell," he groaned, as he raised the half-conscious girl, and the strong man sobbed like a child. In a minute he was kneeling among the bushes by the wayside, and Nellie nestled in his arms, but he dared not speak to her yet, for a heavy step sounded along the road, and presently Captain Ferris passed them. He paused for a moment in the lamplight at the gate, and his face was pale and drawn, and his hands were clenched. Then he walked noiselessly over the grass to the hall door and went in.

Arthur shuddered and drew the girl closer to his breast.

"Nell," he whispered, "why did you do it? Why did you save me? Can you really care still for such a drunken, lying scamp as I? Oh! If I only could undo it all!"

Nellie had conquered him: had snatched him back from vice and dishonour—perhaps death. And the old love came surging up again in his heart, an overwhelming love that was almost painful in its intensity. Yes, it had all come back, but too late. Nellie did not hear him, for her poor tired heart had stopped. There was a little crimson stain on her lips and on her pale cheek, and some daisies growing in the grass were crimson too.

The people at the Parsonage put on some more crape and rested from their meetings and district visiting for several weeks. What a pity that Nellie's had been such a careless, idle life! How had this one black sheep come into that devout flock?

Colonel Sir Arthur Stillcourt came home at last, covered with medals and crosses and ribbons, and though everyone in all England knew his name, there were only a few old folk in the parish who remembered that long-gone summer which the master had spent at the Hall. Two rooms in the old house were made ready for him, but his steward was the only one to welcome him home; and from the evening of his arrival he never again appeared in the village. Yet those who



were curious to see him might find the old soldier any afternoon, between four and five, in the little moss-grown graveyard, walking to and fro before a stone of beautifully sculptured marble. It had once been snowy white, but it was getting stained and weather-beaten now. Even strangers could read its allegory, which Sir Arthur's lonely, remorseful heart had devised long years ago. There was the figure of a man with a great goblet raised to his lips. He walked while he drank, and one foot rested upon the edge of a precipice and the other was raised over its brink; but a woman reached out her arm and drew him back while she fell on the cruel, jagged rock behind him.

ELLEN STILLCOURT,  
Died, July 3, 18—.

was graven on the pedestal below.

Shortly after the Colonel's return a

stranger asked his way to the Hall, and the master brought him to this grave, and when he had looked at it carefully and jotted something in his pocket-book, he went away again.

Then, in a couple of months more, another stone was placed close beside Nellie's grave, and a little railing enclosed them both. In general design this new stone was exactly like the old one and the same figures were above it, but there were no rocks and chasms here, and the two went toward one another with outstretched arms. Underneath was cut:

SIR ARTHUR STILLCOURT,  
Died ———.

and a blank was left for the date.

But it seemed as though the old man only waited for its completion, for before the grass had time to grow about the stone the last of the Stillcourts was buried here.



HER POOR, TIRED HEART HAD STOPPED.

# Young England at School.

## BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

*"O fortunati, quorum jam moenia surgunt!"—Aen. i., 437.*



THE MAIN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.

**W**ITHIN fifty miles from London by the Midland Railway, there is an ancient town whose name must recall to many recollections of sturdy John Bunyan and the benevolent Howard. Some remember it as the first stopping place from London of the Midland Railway Company's Northern expresses, while thousands, both at home and abroad cherish it, from having spent the days of youth there, and received their education at the schools, for which Bedford is chiefly famous. The town from many points of view holds a unique position, apparently thrifty, and full of young and vigorous life. The absence of the blare of furnaces, great mills, and the roar of wheel traffic, keeps it singularly quiet and clean, although it is nevertheless as full of human souls, and the principal streets as brimful of life, as any centre of Lancashire industry.

At certain hours in the day the tramp of human feet echoes through the streets, like that of armed men, but the army may be described as one of children, and the tramp from tender feet, for it is truly a City of Children, with five thousand little ones thronging its streets; upon whom the residents of the town look with the utmost loyalty, for education is the "*raison d'être*" of Bedford—the means of its growth into a large residential county town, with a population of twenty-seven thousand, of which children form more than one-fifth, who give occupation for probably double their number, in providing them with their requirements, and in supplying them with the instruction which is to fit them for the various niches in the world.

Before one advances far into the town, its history is shown in its outward aspect; and even apart from education, Bedford



boasts of a past of ancient associations: for have not Britons, Romans, and Saxons occupied it in succession?

It proved even attractive to Offa, the powerful King of Mercia, inasmuch as we read of him visiting Bedford periodically, and finally selecting a monastery on the banks of the Ouse for a burial place. But the river shortly afterwards rose and washed away his sepulchre. After being partially destroyed early in the tenth century, by the Danes, it was repaired by Edward the Elder, their determined

opponent, who annexed a village and a ford on the South bank of the Ouse, from whence it probably derived its name "Bedicanford," a "Fortress on a Ford." The Danes again attacked the town in 1010 A.D., and burnt it. Bedford could at one time boast of its Castle, but this was destroyed by Henry III., and of this there is now but crumbling remains, which is also the case with the Old Abbey, that belonged to the Monks of the order of Grey Friars, who settled at Bedford in the fourteenth century, attracted doubtless by the river and the fish in it.

The town is built on a gentle slope, rising from the river, which is itself a great feature in Bedford life, while its excellent embankment forms a delightful promenade under the willow trees. The river, as will be seen from our view taken from the bridge, presents a similarity to the well-known Henley reach, as regards a fine stretch of water, and therefore provides excellent aquatic exercise for the boys at school, both for rowing and bathing, besides containing excellent fish for the pleasure hours of the townsfolk.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

A continuation of the bridge is the High Street or the Market-place of the town, with its quaint irregular houses, and its numerous old-fashioned hotels: "Lion," and "George," and "Swan," etc.; all provided with their great rooms and hostelrys ready to cope with the influx of farmers and other country folk who come to buy and sell on Saturday (market day), when the High Street presents quite an animated appearance, and is almost blocked up with anxious marketers. It was in the midst of this bustle

Mr. Thomas and myself found ourselves, one Saturday morning, when emerging from the Rose Inn to start our work at the Grammar School. It was quite another thing on the previous afternoon when we arrived, and our host seemed pleased to chat upon the excellent shooting, fishing, and sport generally which the surrounding country provides. But it was certainly a case of Oh! What a difference in the morning; for our little inn was besieged by those who had brought their farm produce to the market; while almost opposite, surrounding St. Paul's Church, were some scores of stalls, making a fine open market, which appeared to us quite a transformation scene. Our work, however, lay with the Grammar School of Bedford, so it was necessary we should turn from the quaint country customs that were attracting our attention, and make a start upon the school. We had on the previous day made the acquaintance of Mr. J. Surtees Phillpotts, the Head-master, whose kind suggestions greatly helped our work. Continuing up

the High Street, we halted at the noble statue of the ever famous John Bunyan, which is erected on a green in front of St. Peter's Church.

Crossing the green, we came to a small wicket gate, which served, some few years ago, as the entrance to the rectory of St. Peter's, but now fills a similar function to the New Bedford Grammar School. The old

rectory still exists, but no more is it the abode of the dignitaries of St. Peter's, and only now serves as a monument for reflections on the youthful days of Captain Burnaby, as here the gallant captain lived with his father, then Rector of St. Peter's, and as the carpenter's shop of Bedford Grammar School. Bedford Grammar School can boast of an ancient birth, having been founded as far back as 1552, while her sons are scattered all over the world, and have proved most valuable as recruits in our army. I could plainly see that I should not in a great measure appeal to the "Old Boys," for our work lay with a school only two years old, but in coupling the new home of the Bedford Grammar School with the old original School and St. Paul's Church, both of which must be still dear to them, this article will, no doubt, tend to show the vast strides their old School has made within a comparatively few years, if it fails to recall cherished haunts and associations.

It may be safely stated, as a general proposition, that the great schools of England are essentially the products of the Tudor period; although to this, as to all other assertions, there are exceptions. Winchester had numbered nearly a hundred years, and Eton about half as many when the victory of Bosworth Field placed the crown of England on the brow of the son of Edmund Tudor and Lady Margaret Beaufort. On the other hand,



THE RIVER OUSE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

when the last of the Tudors had passed away, the impulse still continued, and the reign of James I. saw eighty-three grammar schools established, of which Charterhouse and Dulwich are the most important; and there were more than fifty new foundations in the stormy times of Charles I. Under Henry VII, the first Tudor, there were sixteen new foundations; in his son's reign sixty-three were added; Edward VI. saw the number increased by fifty; under Mary there were nineteen more, and the reign of Queen Elizabeth must be credited with no less than one hundred and thirty-eight, making a total of two hundred and eighty-six educational foundations from 1485 to 1604. This activity and liberality in the interests of education may be ascribed to two causes.

The first was undoubtedly the new learning, which so powerfully affected the old faith. This it did in two ways, for while the revival of Greek at Florence sent Colet, the benevolent founder of St. Paul's School, and his fellows to study the Pauline Epistles in the original, there were other men who "with the Latinity of the Augustan Age, had acquired its atheistical and scoffing spirit," and who spoke and wrote of Christian mysteries in terms decidedly pagan.

The revival of pagan literature brought with it a revival of pagan luxury, which increased to such an extent in the very capital of Christendom that there was





ONE OF THE CORRIDORS.

coming from earnest men all over Europe the bitter cry: "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" The natural reaction followed and paved the way in England for the dissolution of the monasteries.

The larger portion of the property wrested from the Church passed into, and much of it still remains in, the possession of private owners, but some was saved and, by an Act of the first Parliament of Edward VI., the Crown was invested with what remained, and this was to be employed to "promote further abolition of superstition, to augment the revenues of the Universities, and to lay the founda-

tions of fresh schools." This Act made a grammar school at Bedford possible; but the endowment of the school was the act of a Bedford boy who rose to be Lord Mayor of London.

It was in the reign of Edward VI. that letters patent were issued on August 15, 1552, for Bedford Grammar School, but owing to the king's death a year later, it was not till fourteen years afterwards that the town profited by the king's licence for a school to be built, and for any person to endow it with £40 a year.

Little is known of the early days of the great benefactor, whose name has been on the lips

and honoured by every past and present pupil and inhabitant of Bedford, beyond that he was born in 1496 and was the son of William Harper, an inhabitant of Bedford in humble circumstances. When young he went to London, where he was apprenticed to a merchant tailor, and, prospering exceedingly, he acquired a great fortune and became one of the officers of the Merchant Taylors Company, an Alderman of the City of London, served the office of Sheriff in 1556, and was elected Lord Mayor in 1561.

As we look back to two of the schools which have already taken their places in



THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL.

our series, there appears a somewhat curious coincidence respecting the foundation of Merchant Taylors', Bedford and Rugby schools, and their respective benefactors. Taking the first two, we find Sir Thomas White, who founded the first-named, in 1561, also an influential member of the Merchant Taylors' Company; and it would appear very probable that the good act of White was one

of the first impulses which led Sir W. Harper to found and endow a similar institution at Bedford. Then, again, it almost appears that we can trace a connecting link between Rugby and Bedford, for it seems most probable that the founders here were friends, for we find Laurence Sheriff, another London merchant, and prominently connected with the city guilds, but this time of the Grocers' Company, founding a school at Rugby, one year later than Harper had commenced his benevolent work at Bedford. Still further, it is curious to note that the land in St. Andrew's, Holborn, with which Harper endowed his school, is singularly close to Sheriff's Conduit Close, which he bequeathed to his school at Rugby.

Five years after his election as Lord Mayor, Sir William and Dame Alice, his wife, conveyed to the Mayor and Corporation of Bedford the free school-house which he had of late "builded," with

some other property, and thirteen acres, one rood of meadow land (which he bought for £180) in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, which at first realised an income of £40, and is now yielding close upon £15,000. It almost makes us smile when we hear of meadow land in Holborn, and a yearly income of £40 for thirteen acres; but it is certainly fortunate for those schools who have had Londoners as their benefactors, and who were endowed with property in London.

Sir William died February 27th, 1573, and a brass in St. Paul's Church commemorates him and his second wife, Dame Margaret. It is not certain whether either is buried there, but it is generally considered that Sir William lies within the precincts of the church. By the terms of the letters patent the school was "to be and consist of one master and one usher," who were to be appointed by the Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford. The first holders of these offices

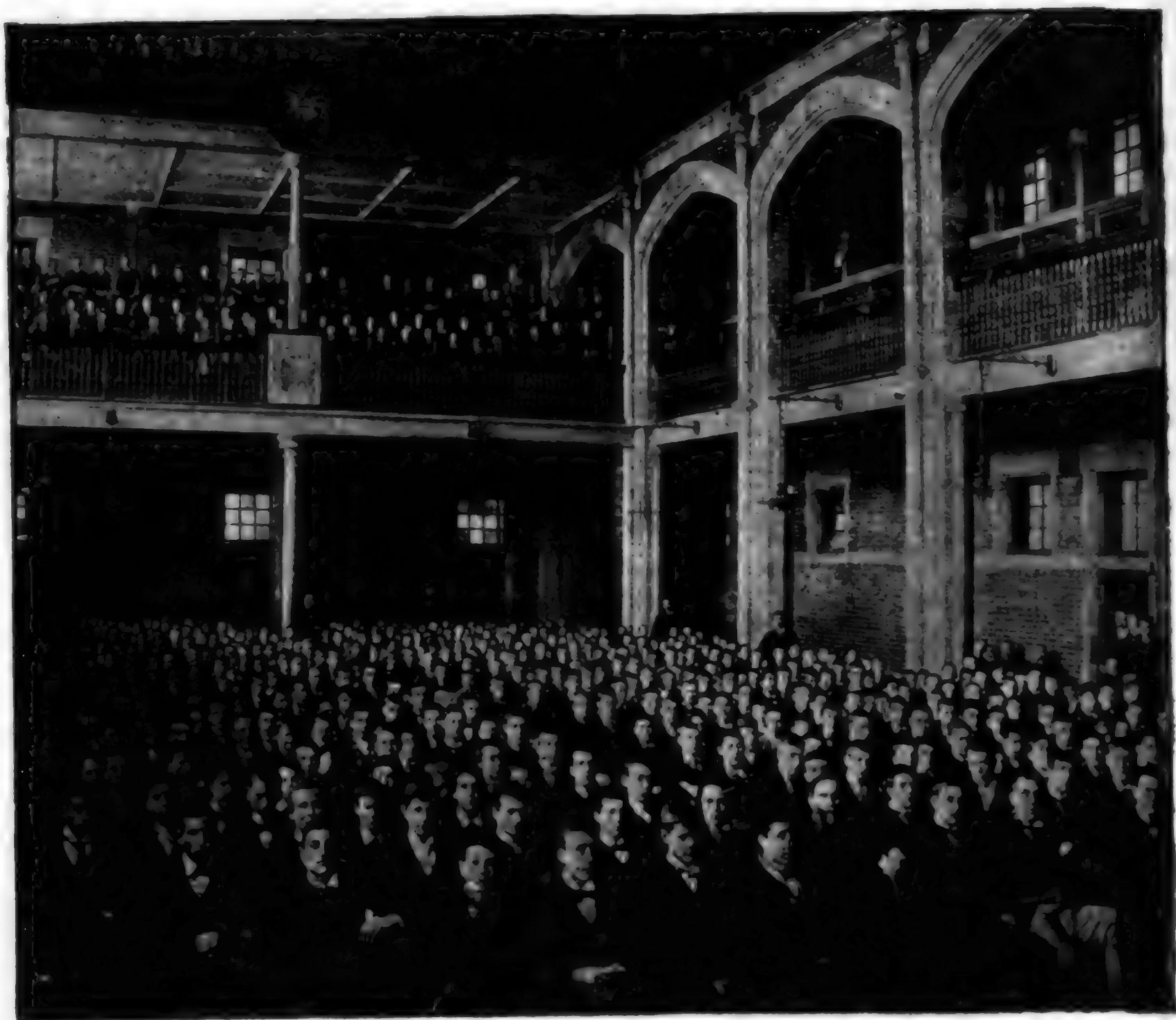


THE FORGE.



THE LABORATORY.





THE GREAT HALL

were Edmund Greene and Robert Elbone, respectively, and these were appointed by the founder himself in his deed of gift.

The original school building in St. Paul's Square was sufficient to carry on the work for about two hundred years; but about 1760 the leases fell in, and the trustees soon found themselves in position to erect a new building on the same site, so that the building which we now give in our illustration as the old school dates from 1767, and consisted of two large rooms, one above the other. In a niche over the old entrance stands a statue, purporting to be that of the founder.

This statue may be considered the only remnant which exists of the old Grammar School, and even this was not executed to represent Sir William, but was a figure partly hidden by aldermanic robes, in distinctively Georgian costume, and said to be the counterfeit presentment of a London alderman, but which was for

some reason thrown upon the hands of the sculptor, Colley Cibber's father, and, when sold for a mere song, was bought and adopted by the Trustees as the statue of Alderman Harper.

Of the ancient days, prior to the appointment of Dr. Brereton as Headmaster, there is little chronicled that I can mention. Dr. Brereton held the reins of office from 1811 to 1855, and his fame as a scholar, master and author will be handed down to many generations of Bedfordians. He was a thorough Wykehamist, for his father before him was a boy at Winchester. He was succeeded by the Rev. F. Fanshawe, who was also an old Wykehamist, and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

It was through Mr. Fanshawe's untiring energies, and his continually urging the Trustees, that the school was enlarged by additional buildings, which was only obtained by the casting vote of Mr. John Howard, Mayor of Bedford. At this time there were but one hundred and forty



THE OLD SCHOOL.

boys at the school, so that the fortune of the grammar school seemed at a low ebb; but Mr. Fanshawe was quite equal to the occasion, and under his rule the school again flourished.

Boating was the favourite recreation, and the crews had remarkable success at Derby, Shrewsbury and up-country regattas. Football had been made compulsory by Brereton, and gained great favour in Fanshawe's time. His death came as a great blow to his pupils, who had learned to love him, and the Trustees, who had found in him a most successful chief.

In January, 1875, the present Head-master, Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, M.A., B.C.L., formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford, and an Assistant Master at Rugby, took up the active duties of the post vacated by Mr. Fanshawe. He found a school of some two hundred and seventy boys, just emerging from the comparative darkness of an antiquated scheme into the new light of the Endowed Schools Commission. There were plenty of difficulties to contend with, but there were also plenty of possibilities and opportunities for one who believed, as Mr. Phillpotts did, that it is only by doing something that something is done; but what he has done to further the welfare of Bedford Grammar School during his eighteen years Head-master-

ship could only be told by himself, or those more closely associated with the Grammar School Chief, and with more available space than that allotted to me in this magazine.

The number of boys gradually increased immediately upon the appointment of Mr. Phillpotts, and his excellence as a master and scholar has brought him, instead of two hundred and seventy boys, not less than eight hundred and twenty.

Naturally the old school building soon became unable to cope with the numbers gaining admission, and although it was from time to time enlarged, the accommodation was still insufficient.

The Cricket Field which was rented under the Headmastership of Mr. Fanshawe for a term of seven years, and is situated behind St. Peter's Church, now takes an important part in the history of Bedford Grammar School.

Another term of seven years having expired in 1881, an opportunity presented



J. S. PHILLPOTTS, ESQ., HEADMASTER.



itself to the governors of purchasing the land; but being unable to avail themselves of it, the Head-master bought the field himself in 1882, which was taken over by the governing body the following year. Mr. Phillpotts had long seen the growing necessity for enlarging the school, and that whatever was done on the existing site would only give temporary relief, so that this grand step was the first towards the acquisition of suffi-

cient ground, not only for a playground for the whole school, but for the erection of a block of buildings large enough to accommodate the rapidly increasing numbers.



A GROUP OF MONITORS.

In 1889 the foundation stone was laid by Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P. for the Borough, and chairman of the governing body, and the new school was opened October 29th, 1891.

The new Grammar School, now standing in its own grounds, and approached on each side by a carriage drive, is in the Tudor style, and the "enclosed hall system," which it will be remembered I commented upon when dealing with Colet Court, in connection with St. Paul's School, has been adopted. Cattybrook bricks have been used, on account of their non-absorbent qualities, and their great strength.

The principal elevation is on the north and faces the playing fields. On each side of the main entrance are three bays, and the lower part on each is roofed over so as to form a cover in wet weather.

The Great Hall, which forms one of our illustrations, taken at the one o'clock gathering of the whole school, is one hundred and two feet, six inches long, by fifty feet wide.

The fittings are of pitch pine, and the roof—a combination of the queen post and hammer bearer—is of the same material.



BUNYAN'S STATUE.

The central block has three storeys, and round it are arranged some forty-two class-rooms on the east, west and south sides. Between the class-rooms on the ground floor and the hall is a corridor, formed by the space between these rooms and the pillars of the Great Hall, and there is a sort of secondary corridor made by a passage from class-room to class-room, so that the ground floor rooms on the south side

may be cleared without disturbing any work that may be going on in the hall. As a whole, the Bedford Grammar may be classed as a unique school, as every inch of the room is utilised, and every appointment is carefully carried out in every particular, while the old school, it is gratifying to note, is converted into Corporation municipal offices, and will, in all probability, be preserved in its entirety.

At the new school there are seventeen classical masters: twelve for modern languages, thirteen masters for mathematics, one for arithmetic, one for chemistry, two for physics and natural philosophy, three in the preparatory department, one for writing, one or two for drawing and for extra classes in painting, one for botany, one for music, and one for the violin. One sergeant has charge of the gymnastics and drill, and another is instructor to the School Engineer Corps, which is commanded by one of the masters; and, being second only to one cadet corps, connected to England's public schools, the Head-master is naturally very proud of this department.

There are a number of exhibitions open to competition each year. There are two leaving exhibitions each year, of seventy pounds and sixty pounds per annum, tenable at any University, or at any other such place approved by the governors.



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM.

The usual prizes are given from the school fund; but there are also many special prizes, such as the Fanshawe Divinity prize, and the Phillpotts' English literature prizes. Extra prizes also are given by the Head-master for English Literature, by the Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford for Classical Composition, by Earl Cowper for English Composition, etc. etc.

In the civil and military departments, pupils are specially prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, etc.; and it is specially noticeable that Bedfordians at Woolwich carry away more than their share of the competitions at Woolwich Academy. Referring to the Phillpotts' English Literature Prizes, it would be certainly remiss on my part should I omit their origin.

It was in 1884 that the School had almost doubled her figures as regards the number of pupils and their successes, and the progress made under the rule of the Head-master was so appreciated that many parents of the boys and other friends were desirous of acknowledging it more substantially than by words.

A proposal was, therefore, made to present Mr. Phillpotts with his D.C.L. Degree and a set of Doctor's robes, but he put aside the idea of any personal gift, and the testimonial took the form of an address and a purse of two hundred



pounds. the interest accruing therefrom to be employed in providing a set of annual prizes, which are called the "Phillipotts' English Literature Prizes."

Regarding the successes of the School, it would be out of place to pretend to give a list of her sons who have distinguished themselves in the world and done honour to Bedford, but the mention of such names as the Rev. Barham Zincke, chaplain in ordinary to the Queen; Sir Henry Hawkins, the late Lord Farnborough, Dr. Maclear, Colonel Burnaby, and Mr. Burnell, the great Chinese scholar, will suffice to give a passing idea.

Coming to athletics and the School games, it should be noted that the Headmaster has always attached the greatest importance to physical training, and in no less measure to handicraft. For the latter I should first mention that spacious engineering shops have been erected at the new school, fully equipped with several lathes, an excellent engine and boiler, and forge.

School games are compulsory, and every boy must account for his time in the playing fields, as much as in the form room.

On water and on land Bedford boys have a great reputation. On the river the School is generally represented by

an eight at Henley; and in the local regatta its fours are always conspicuous for pluck and pace.

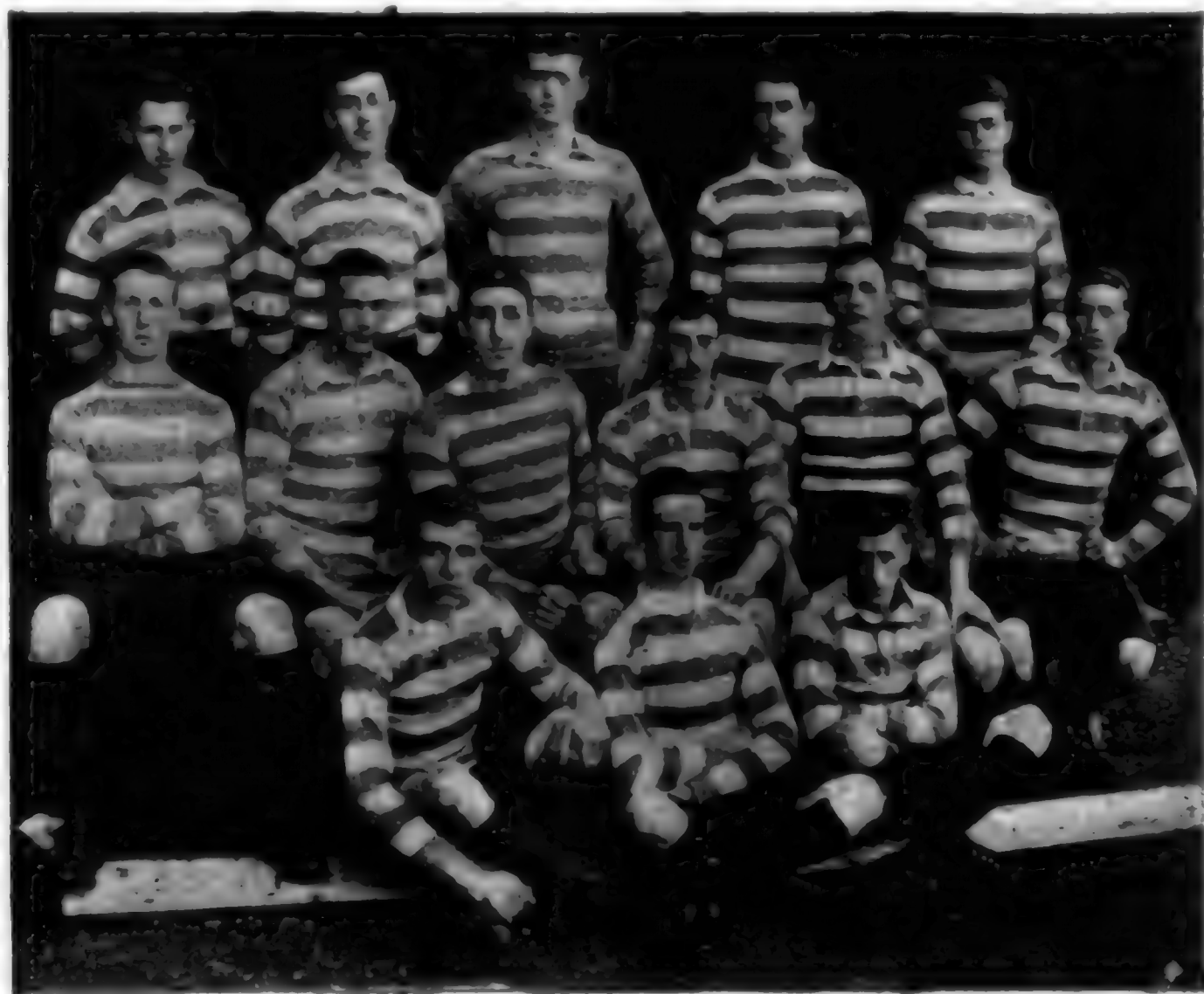
On the playing fields, which may, with the pretty pavilion, be described as unsurpassed, the reputation of Bedfordians stands equally high. At cricket the School eleven is a very hard nut to crack; but it is at football that the Bedford boys shine.

The Rugby code is the adopted game, although at the rear of the School buildings some of the juniors indulge in Association; and, in the drill hall, a game is played peculiar to the Grammar School, somewhat resembling the Association game, and gains great favour with the boys.

The school fifteen is well known as a difficult one to beat, and I think I am right when I say that their record for the past few years is almost head and shoulders over that of any other public school, although their form this season can hardly be termed as up to their usual standard.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

*Our Illustrations are from Photographs taken specia'ly for the LUDGATE MAGAZINE by Mr. T. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London, from whom Photographic Prints of the Originals can be obtained.*



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM.

# ONCE AGAIN

" We met together  
You and I  
Sweetheart, long ago  
Met and then we said good bye  
Long ago  
All the joys and all the tears  
All the hopes and all the fears  
Of the dead and vanished years:  
Only we may know  
We meet together  
You and I  
Sweetheart once again  
Gladness lights your azure eye  
Once again  
Space nor time can conquer love  
Hand Spark divine from Heaven above  
In hand through life we'll ride  
Sweetheart.

Once again. "





# *Whispers from the Woman's World.*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE BRIDGE.

## HISTORIC HOUSES.—WARWICK CASTLE.

**F**EW English counties have so many attractions for antiquarians, historians and tourists as Warwickshire, which in Anglo-Saxon times formed part of the fair kingdom of Mercia. Its central position—for just outside the ancient town of Warwick may be seen a wide-spreading tree which is supposed to mark the middle of England—has made it the scene of many fierce conflicts between contesting forces. It has also played an important part in those Royal progresses so popular with mediæval monarchs; and a greater than they (for poets are born, not made) claims it for his own. Warwickshire is very properly called Shakespeare Land, and the importance of this shrine may be duly estimated by the thousands of pilgrims of all nationalities who visit it annually. Stratford-on-Avon, however, is only one of the points of interest. Kenilworth, a picturesque ruin, still reminds

one of the Virgin Queen, the central figure of a pageant; her favourite courtier, Leicester, and the hapless fate of Amy Robsart. Coventry, with its three spires, recalls that too obedient spouse, Godiva, whose prototype it would be hard to find in this age of self-assertive womanhood. Birmingham, the manufacturing metropolis of the Midlands, rears its democratic head and bids defiance to the world at large. Leamington, with its leafy avenues and healing waters, appeals to quite another class; while Nuneaton and its neighbourhood was the early home of our greatest novelist, George Eliot. Amidst its grassy glades and richly-wooded pastures we find romantic Guyscliff, the residence of Lord Algernon Percy. A few miles further that stately pile, Stoneleigh Abbey, the ancestral home of Lord Leigh; and finally Warwick Castle, the subject of this sketch. Sir Walter Scott once spoke of it as "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which

yet remains uninjured by the ruthless hand of Time."

About 50 A.D. the Romans seized a Celtic fortress situated precisely on the spot on the banks of the Avon now occupied by the historic edifice. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Danes, who destroyed the stronghold; but from its ashes rose a goodly building erected by Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, about 915 A.D. Rather more than a hundred years later, Wil-

liam the Conqueror, according to the Domesday Book, ordered Turchill, its possessor, to strengthen its fortifications, and afterwards installed one of his own barons, Henry de Newburgh, who was the first Earl of Warwick.

The earliest portion of the present building, including the Great Hall and its circular stairs, the Spy Tower, and the Chapel, were probably built during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The rooms at the western end, comprising the State bedroom, boudoir, etc., owe their existence to Sir Fulke Greville, who, in 1605, made



THE PRINCIPAL FRONT.

important structural alterations in Warwick Castle. In former times it is believed that the hall had a suite of rooms above, as, during the disastrous fire, which completely gutted it, in 1871, a row of upper windows were discovered which had hitherto been concealed by the elaborately-carved oak ceiling. This handsome apartment is lighted with three deeply-recessed windows looking on to the Avon; the walls are panelled with oak to the height of nine feet, and the floor consists of squares of red and white marble brought from Verona, while the handsome hooded chimney-piece, to replace the one destroyed, came from Rome.

The hall is further decorated with choice specimens of armour and trophies of the chase; and before examining the State apartments, the visitor obtains a passing glance, through the door to the right leading to the chapel, of Vandyck's famous equestrian picture of Charles I. The Cauldron, known as Guy's Porridge Pot, which holds one hundred and twenty gallons, was probably made for Sir John Talbot, of Swannington, who died in 1365.



THE GREAT HALL.



In Nicholl's "History of Leicestershire" reference is made to it in a quaint couplet, which runs thus:

"There's nothing left of  
Talbot's name,  
But Talbot's pot and  
Talbot's Lane."

It most likely came to the Warwick family through the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Richard de Beauchamp, with John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, from whom descended the Dudleys, Viscounts Lisle, afterwards Earls of Warwick.\*

Next the hall is the first of the state apartments, a suite of five rooms leading one from the other in the following order: The Red Drawing Room, the Cedar Drawing Room, the Gilt or Green Drawing Room, the State Bedroom and the Boudoir.

A good idea of the Red Drawing Room is given in the accompanying illustration. The wainscoted panelling is of a deep crimson shade, relieved by golden mouldings, and the ceiling is picked out in white and gold. This apartment contains some fine specimens of Buhl marquetry

\* For this fact, and many other interesting particulars relating to Warwick Castle, the writer is indebted to "Shakespeare's Land," by C. J. Ribon-Turner.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

furniture, including a handsome table, clock, and an exquisite cabinet of tortoiseshell and ebony inlaid with ivory. Between the windows is another priceless table of Lavarro de Comesso, inlaid with a floral pattern, which was formerly the property of Queen Marie Antoinette. Among the pictures which adorn the walls may be mentioned Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, by Rubens; the Wife of Snijders, in a close cap, by Vandyck; Raffaele's Assumption of the Virgin; a Dutch Burgomaster, by Rembrandt, etc. etc.

The Cedar Drawing Room is a gorgeous apartment, panelled with that

delicately-scented wood and enriched with carving. The furniture is upholstered in brocade, and in the centre of the room is



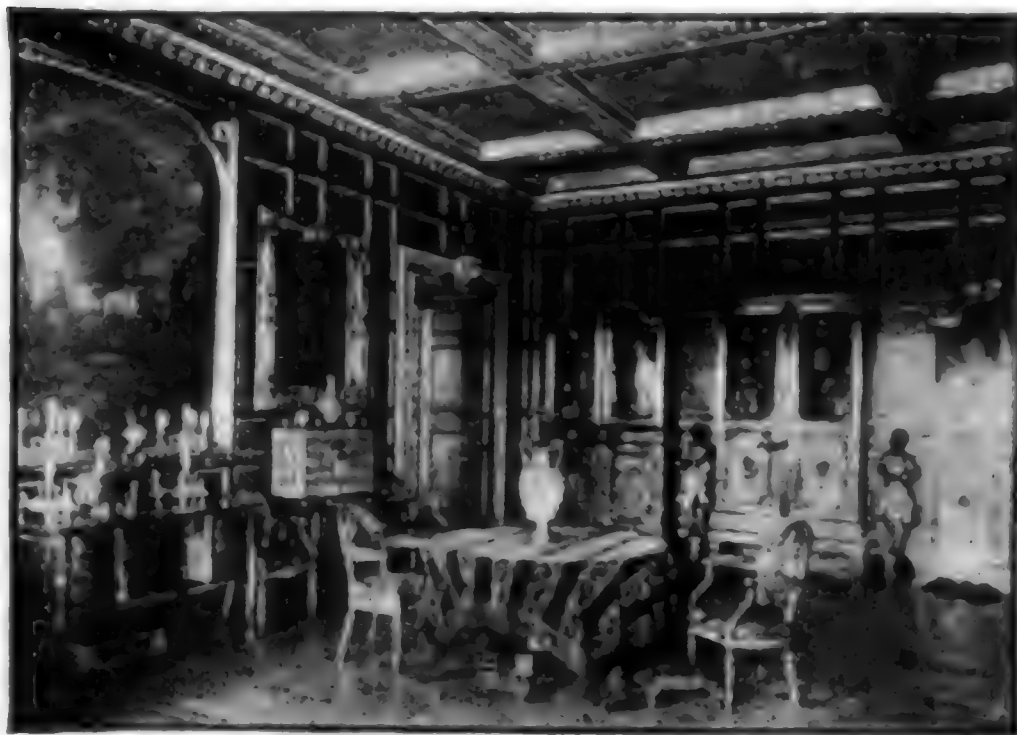
THE CEDAR DRAWING-ROOM.

one of the handsome tables of which the Warwick family have such a fine collection. This particular example is of Florentine mosaic. On either side of the fireplace are marble busts of Henry, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1853, and of his wife Sarah, Countess of Warwick. The pictures include portraits

by Vandyck of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, and Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick; and over each door are paintings of two Beauties of the Court of Charles II., by Lely.

The Green Drawing Room has beautifully ornamented walls, cornice, and ceiling. Behind the wainscot there is a secret staircase, without which no ancient castle would be complete. There, also, are to be found *chefs d'œuvre* of various Old Masters; also two early Italian marriage chests (the panels of which are delicately painted), an ebony casket, and the famous table in *pietra dura*, from the Grimani Palace at Venice. This work of art is valued at £10,000, and the surface is composed of such hard and precious stones as lapis lazuli, carnelian, chalcedony, jasper, agate, etc. At the corners the arms of the Grimani family appear on shields.

The State Bedroom contains a handsome



THE RED DRAWING-ROOM.

bed, draped with pale pink and crimson brocade. This once belonged to Queen Anne, but was presented to the great-great-grandfather of the present Earl of Warwick by King George III. The same Queen's portrait by Kneller, and her travelling trunk, covered with leather and bearing her initials A. R., sur-

mounted by a crown, are also objects of interest; and on the north wall is some fine Brussels tapestry of the early part of the seventeenth century.

From the Boudoir charming views may be obtained; and close to the windows are some ancient cedars, splendid specimens of their kind. In this room there is a curiously-carved clock, with the twelve principal events in the life of our Saviour, enamelled in silver. Inlaid tables, a Florentine cabinet, a Venetian mirror, and other works of artistic beauty make one desire to linger.

The Billiard Room occupies a portion of the Western Tower, and the table is enriched with carved panels depicting scenes from the Battles of the Roses.

The State Dining Room was built by Francis, Earl of Warwick, about the year 1770. It is gorgeous with colour and gilding, and from the elaborately-wrought ceiling depends a Genoese crystal chandelier.

The Breakfast Room, owing to the simplicity of its furniture and decorations, forms a contrast to the state apartments. The most striking object is a buffet, on which is displayed a collection of red lustre ware. Two Portuguese cabinets also deserve attention, as does a fine picture of the Doge's Palace at Venice, with state barges in the foreground, by Canaletto.

The Shakespeare Room is devoted to the works of the poet and to portraits of some of his contemporaries. There, also, we find



THE STATE DINING-ROOM.



the celebrated Kenilworth sideboard, made from an oak formerly growing near the lake at Kenilworth. It was exhibited at the 1851 Exhibition, and afterwards presented by the town and county of Warwick to the late earl on his marriage. Among other artistic treasures may be mentioned the only known manuscript of Shakespeare's plays.

The approach to the Castle and the grounds are remarkable for their sylvan beauty, and the more modern gatehouse opens on to a roadway cut through the solid rock, which is fringed with shrubs, ivy and flowering creepers. From the outer court the full beauty of the exterior of the building bursts upon one, with Guy's and Cæsar's Towers and a fourteenth-century gateway between. Passing through the archway, one enters a spacious inner court of two acres in extent.

This short sketch would be incomplete without a brief biography of the present Earl and Countess of Warwick, who have so recently come into possession of this historic mansion, owing to the lamented death of George Guy Greville, the late Earl of Warwick, which took place last December.

Francis Richard Charles Guy, Lord Brooke was born in 1853. He represented East Somerset 1879-1885 and Colchester 1888-1892 in the House of Commons. His marriage with the beautiful Miss Maynard, daughter and heiress of the Hon. Charles H. Maynard, of Easton Lodge Dunmow, was celebrated in 1881, and a son and daughter have resulted from the union. Among Society leaders Lady Brooke held an important position, which will doubtless be maintained by the present Countess of Warwick. This



A SEMI-FITTING MANTLE.

lady has for several years greatly interested herself in the daughters of the tenants and labourers on her estate in Essex, for whom she has founded a school of needlework, which is now almost self-supporting, and which has already been referred to in the pages of this magazine.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

At this season of the year our wardrobes generally show unmistakable signs of wear and tear, and require temporary additions, not necessarily of an extravagant character, but just enough to carry us on till the sunny days of Spring proclaim that Winter is past, and that all nature has clothed herself in brightly-tinted raiment. Fur coats may now give place to soft rich fabrics like plush or velvet, and a

pretty model for a semi-fitting mantle is shown in the accompanying sketch.

This stylish garment is of rich Lyons velvet, lined throughout with lemon and black brocade. The full Watteau back is particularly effective, as is the narrow trimming of Russian bear, which contrasts with embroideries of cut jet. The large velvet hat lavishly trimmed with black tips and plumes, gives a good idea of the prevailing mode, and is one of the many shapes in favour. A simple cape for less ceremonious occasions may be seen in the next illustration. This is composed of black *satin duchesse*, and insertions of guipure. Plain-faced cloths make suitable gowns for morning wear, and the art of dyeing is now brought to such a state of perfection that the most subtle tints may be obtained without difficulty, and at prices which would astonish our immediate ances-



A SPRING CAPE.



AN EVENING DRESS.

tors were they in a position to compare them with the limited range they had to choose from, and the high sums paid even at the beginning of the present century.

For evening wear the choice is practically limitless. On all sides may be seen shimmering satins, sombre silks, shots, stripes, plaids and spots in endless variety, and of every tone of colour, velveteens in a hundred different shades, many of them too delicate for description, and brocades of home and foreign manufacture, which have been accurately copied from the finest designs procurable. Lace, tulle and embroidered muslin have also been largely used for the adornment of youth and beauty, as have lengths of accordion pleated *mousseline de soie*, *crêpe de Chine* and Liberty silk, trimmed with insertions of lace. The latter are generally made over slips of coloured silk. Nothing could be more appropriate for budding womanhood; but such dainty garments should be eschewed by those who are girls no longer. Simplicity of outline is noticeable in the latest ball and dinner gowns. Flowing lines and classi-

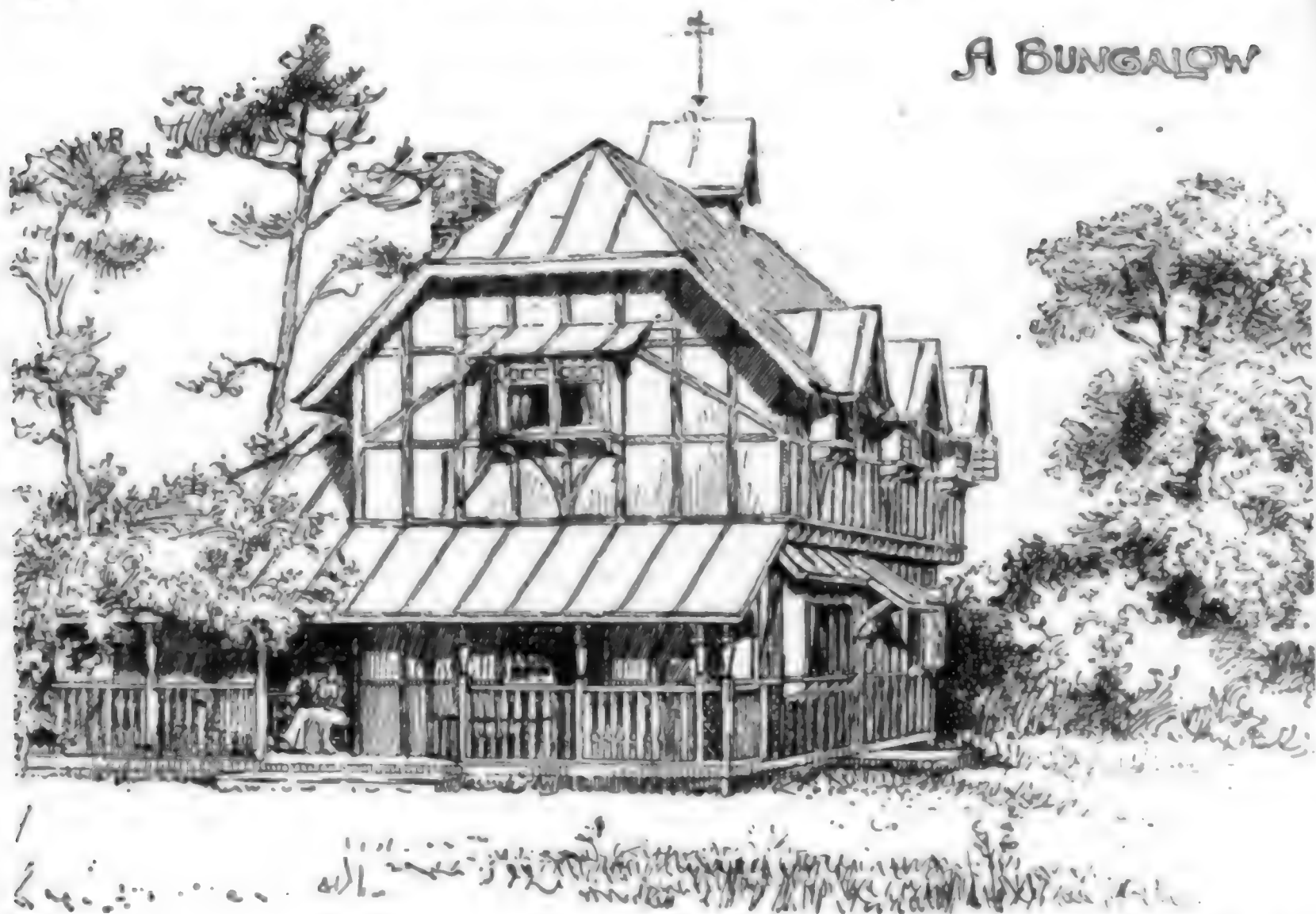
cal folds have superseded the exaggerated skirts and bulging sleeves of a few months since, and the accompanying sketch gives an idea for using old lace in a pretty and graceful manner. The dress of blush rose satin has a simulated petticoat of lace, and the same filmy fabric forms a full frill round the low bodice, and makes the prettiest bertha imaginable.

It is not, however, in dress only that we have recently made such rapid advances; for the rising generation are taught to use their fingers, as well as to train their eyes to thoroughly appreciate the beauty of colour and form. How much may be done in this direction by those still in their teens I discovered a short time since at an Exhibition and Sale of Work, organised by Levana, the presiding spirit of the Children's Salon. The stalls, which were prettily draped with yellow and white art-muslin, contained drawings of all kinds of plain and fancy needlework (which had been made for the weekly competitions in the *Gentlewoman*), woollen goods, including two articles of dress, crocheted by Princess Victoria of Wales, dolls whose clothes were miracles of neatness, and a variety of useful things for domestic use, too numerous to mention. The tea-room was in charge of Mrs. Greenwood, who was ably assisted by the Misses Greenwood, Linklater, Wood, Thunder, Humphry, Robinson, etc., in cooks' costume. The bazaar was opened by Her Serene Highness Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar, and the principal object of the sale was the endowment of a children's cot in the North West London Hospital. Last year a similar cot was endowed in the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and dedicated, by permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, to the memory of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

The advantage of encouraging young people to engage in such work cannot be over-estimated. Not only has it a softening influence on the characters of those who employ a portion of their time for the benefit of others less fortunate than themselves, but while doing so, they acquire a deftness and technical knowledge of various pursuits that otherwise they would never obtain, and by co-operation raise considerable sums of money for charities which are struggling and sorely in need of additional funds.



## A BUNGALOW



## HOLIDAY HOMES.

I expect my readers will think I have taken time by the forelock when I discuss with them in February how they can best enjoy their summer holiday; but those who have had experience in these matters must know that if it is to contain some of the elements of success, and not prove such a dismal failure as it so often does, all the details must be carefully arranged beforehand, and not be left to chance or fate, those dominating powers, which in so many cases are allowed to rule our destinies.

Single people can generally arrange their affairs with satisfaction to themselves, and without the assistance of a third person; but when a man and his wife, several children, and one or two servants have to be provided for, that is a different thing altogether. Ways and means must be considered, the merits of country, coast or foreign health resorts be duly weighed; climate, soil and water studied; transit, amusements and accommodation arranged for, and the thousand and one items dealt with, of which only those who have planned summer campaigns ever dream.

Those who have tried them have generally found country or sea-side lodgings wanting, and the peculations of landladies

of the usual type, a thorn in the flesh. The father of a family with a moderate income is debarred from first-class hotels, and the average boarding-house leaves much to be desired, particularly where young children have to be catered for. Another alternative is to rent, for a limited period, a furnished house in some suitable locality; but this again has its drawbacks. As soon as the temporary occupants are fairly installed, it becomes painfully apparent that a great many of the comforts, not to mention the necessities of life, are conspicuous by their absence. In houses furnished to let, *la batterie de cuisine* is in nine cases out of ten lamentably deficient. The supply of china, glass, linen, silver and cutlery of a motley character, and the ornaments absolutely devoid of any artistic merit. The kitchen grate, with its cracked boiler, suggests troubles to come, and the lidless water-butt displays an inky liquid, covered with a thickish scum.

Now there are hundreds of suitable sites in the British Islands within easy reach of some village or small town (from which necessary supplies can be obtained) where a piece of land of suitable dimensions could be purchased or rented for a term of years, with option of purchase for the proverbial "old song," and where a family cottage or bungalow could be

erected without incurring a large outlay.

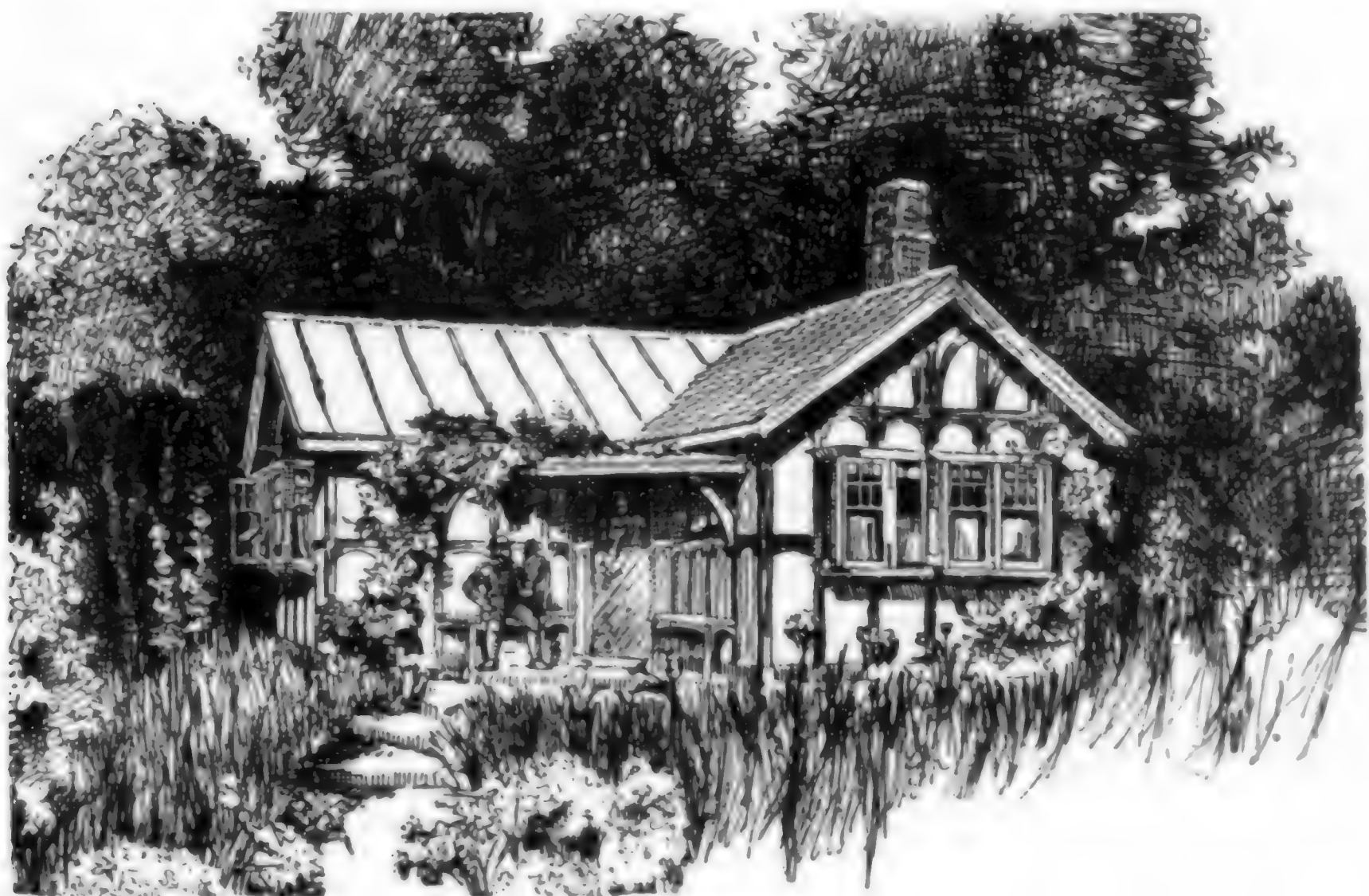
In offering these few suggestions for a Holiday Home, which should be available at all seasons of the year, and which can be used as a sanatorium as well, I do not propose that expensive structures, consisting entirely of brick or stone, should be built, but will describe some portable houses made of sufficiently durable but less expensive materials. Papier maché, for example, has been largely used with success both in this country and abroad, especially since it has been combined with finely-woven wire gauze, which gives additional strength and prevents the fabric warping in extremes of temperature. Houses of this nature are to be found in Norway and Newfoundland, in India and in various parts of Africa—in places where the recorded rainfall is forty feet per annum, and where there is no rain at all; and in many districts in England there are families residing all the year round in these wire woven bungalows, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

The exteriors are extremely picturesque, as will be seen by the sketches used to illustrate this article, while the interior fittings, including glazed win-

dows, doors, flooring, matchboard lining, etc., are all that can be desired. The outer sheets used for building purposes are given a fine surface, by the use of combinations of paint and sands of various colours, by which means most artistic results are obtained. This process renders painting unnecessary, and the sheets form a perfect wall or roof as soon as they are laid, and no one looking at these buildings would imagine that they were constructed of less ponderous materials than terracotta or stone.

The different parts of these very novel and useful houses are neatly packed, with paint, nails, etc., and promptly sent to any part of the world. All the framework is stencil-marked at the joints, and can be put together without difficulty by a local carpenter of average intelligence.

The foundations, which are simple and inexpensive, should be prepared in accordance with a plan which will be sent beforehand. These consist of a substructure of sleepers resting on shallow trenches filled to a little above the ground-level with concrete. Upon the sleepers lie the sills or plates which support all the external and internal wall-framework. The floor joists also lie upon the sleepers, which they cross at right angles, sup-



A THREE-ROOMED LODGE.



porting in their turn the floors.\* The roof and walls are lined throughout with matchboarding, or with sheets similar to those used to form the external covering. In the latter case, the panelling may be decorated by carving, painting, and other methods which commend themselves to the amateur. An air space is allowed between the outer and inner walls, and this insures a normal temperature at all seasons of the year, and avoids damp. Ordinary brick chimneys can be added if desired; but many prefer an open hearth, with a chimney of terra-cotta pipes socketed into each other, which is well adapted for a wood or peat fire; and for the kitchen an iron American stove is recommended, as it requires no setting.

Before commencing building operations, the question of aspect should be carefully considered. For the sitting-room a south-west aspect is generally preferred, while the bedrooms can face east, as the morning sun will be acceptable in this portion of the house. Advantage should also be taken of natural surroundings, and if a trout stream runs near, or there is good shooting at hand, so much the better. A kitchen and flower garden (the latter with a tennis lawn) greatly add to the comfort of a rural retreat; and many hardy exotics and evergreens will thrive and take care of themselves. Rhododendrons, hydrangeas, fuchsias, and even camellias in some places grow in great luxuriance, and bear a profusion of flowers; and fruit trees require little attention.

The furniture for such a house need not be a costly item, as it would be probably supplemented from the town residence. Simply stained and polished floors, with Kidderminster art squares, Chinese matting, or Oriental rugs, would suffice for the bed and sitting rooms, and linoleum for the hall and kitchen. No blinds are needed if there are inner curtains of muslin and outer ones of chintz or reversible cretonne. Chests of drawers would also serve for dressing-tables; rush and wicker chairs and deck lounges are

useful and inexpensive, and some furniture stained or enamelled would do quite as well in such a position as expensive polished woods. Iron bedsteads, with woven-wire mattresses, are light, comfortable, and clean; and a full-sized one, exclusive of the hair overlay, can be purchased for thirty shillings. A single one, with wooden frame, costing thirteen shillings and sixpence, makes a comfortable lounge in the hall, if the mattress is neatly covered and has a deep frill reaching to the ground. It will also make a shake-down bed in an emergency. Hanging and other lamps, and a good supply of candles, must not be forgotten. A small oil cooking-stove is a priceless treasure in a place where gas is not available, and a spirit lamp and kettle are not to be despised. The fittings of the kitchen would be similar to those used in any country cottage, and the larder and store-cupboard should contain preserves, bottled fruits, sardines, tinned meats and game, biscuits in air-tight boxes, German yeast, coffee-essence, Swiss milk, farinaceous foods and jellies, mineral waters, etc.

As illness or accident may overtake one, a tin trunk should be reserved for trifles required at such a time. This can be packed with a canister of linseed meal, another of Robinson's patent groats, a packet of mustard leaves, a small roll of muslin linen and flannel, a pot of vaseline, a case of sticking-plaster, a rubber water-bottle, a piece of oil-silk, Condyl's Fluid, and simple medicines for family use. Thus armed, a family can enjoy their holiday and defy the elements, while the healthy outdoor life will bring renewed health and vigour to those who have lost both in the close and impure atmosphere of towns.

I am fully aware that the initial cost will prove a stumbling-block to some, and will be urged against what many will doubtless call a Utopian scheme. But let me remind readers of *THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE* that, if in time they tire of their country home, there will be others only too glad to avail themselves of it as tenants or as purchasers, and, as such chances are rare, in the majority of cases the original cost of house and furniture can be realised, if ordinary care has been exercised in the first instance in choosing a pleasant locality.

\* For permission to reproduce the sketches of bungalows, I am indebted to Douglas Allport, Esq., the author of "Inexpensive Holiday Homes," a charming volume, giving many useful hints, and from which I have quoted, with the sanction of the writer.



## NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By  
JOHN A. STEUART.

**T**HE eyes of England are at present turned with uncommon intentness towards South Africa, not so much be-

cause it is enjoying the blessings of a campaign as because the hard times are forcing us to think of favourable fields of emigration for our great army of unemployed. America is no longer the El Dorado it was; nor is Australia so attractive since it took to compounding with its creditors. Whence it comes that we are bestowing our attentions on Africa as a possible asylum for our surplus population. In this connection the question naturally suggests itself, Is the Dark Continent a fit habitation for the white man?

Dr. Carl Peters, who has been writing on the subject, replies emphatically that it is not. Such an opinion from such an authority tends to dash hope. Dr. Peters acknowledges, indeed, that portions of Africa—mountainous districts and upland plains—may afford homes to considerable numbers of white people; but the continent as a whole will, he predicts, remain perpetually in the possession of the negro. This conclu-

sion is disquieting, but it need not drive us to despair. Civilisation has an unreckonable knack of paving a way and making a habitation for itself in places declared by experts to be doomed to everlasting barrenness. Even Dr. Peters owns that in Africa "the limit of habitability" is advancing; and doubtless it will continue to advance to the confusion of wiseacres, as it advanced in America, Australia and other regions wherein the white man resolved to pitch his tent.

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In this season of acute suffering among the poorer classes, the necessity of finding some means of relieving the congestion of distress is pressing exceptionally hard. As was to be expected, we are reaping in winter as we sowed in summer. Curses, it is said, come home to roost; it is certain that the results of strikes abide obstinately by the domestic hearth. In the best of times a considerable proportion of the population of England fail to find steady employment. Bad habits, incompetency,

want of will and misfortune make paupers rife in the most prosperous of seasons. But this year evils that have been long threatening are upon us, and many are starving who are both able and willing to work, did opportunity occur. In many instances it is not to be found after the most strenuous searching. A sad proof of this was afforded just before Christmas. When the well-to-do world was preparing for its festivities, a mechanic, who



BESTOWING ATTENTION ON AFRICA.



had been out of work for some two months, had unsuccessfully tried to find any, and was starving, with his wife and children, committed suicide in despair. He was sitting, as the papers reported with his hungry family, after a day vainly spent in begging employers of labour to give him something to do, when suddenly rising, he went, without a word, into another room and cut his throat. I am not going to say that society is responsible for that man's death, or for the death of other men who die under similar circumstances. To blame society in the abstract is both foolish and futile; but when sober, industrious and skilful workmen perish from want of bread, then one can only say with Hamlet that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. Capital, wrapping itself in furs and dining sumptuously, may answer that labour has itself to blame for present hardships. And perhaps capital is right; we are not going to argue ethical questions here, and to assume the function of laying responsibilities on the heads of our fellow men. Moreover, as my readers know, I have not hesitated to speak my mind frankly when I thought that labour was acting injudiciously and sowing the seeds of an exceedingly bitter harvest. Working men have seldom wide horizons; there are certain vital principles which they appear to be unable to grasp. Ignorant and hot-headed, obstinate, self-willed, impenetrable to logic, save when it comes as a poignant experience, they are at the same time the easiest dupes under the sun. Boasting of their independence, they fall a facile prey to agitators and placemen, who frequently lead them very unexpected dances indeed. All that must be acknowledged. On the other hand they have their genuine grievances. Perhaps they are tired of trying to have those grievances redressed "in a constitutional manner," and are resorting to the rough-and-ready method of strikes to bring things to a head. It must be confessed that whatever the motive, they show their



SOWING THE SEEDS.

courage much more frequently than their prudence. Their policy of knocking their heads against a stone wall is not, and cannot be, an effective one. Yet though they prove themselves impolitic, they have their rights, and chief among these, as some people hold, is the right to live and share the fruits of the earth.

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Such considerations would, however, lead us away from the matter immediately in

hand. What is to be done with honest working men and their wives and families who are starving in enforced idleness? That, I conceive, is a question of some importance to the nation. In cases of dire distress, there is always the refuge of the workhouse. True! but I am not sure that it is to the interest of the taxpayer to encourage that method of obtaining food and shelter. I am quite certain that in the end it must prove disastrous to those who take advantage of it. Moreover, the genuine working man, as we see too often, prefers to die than to be dependent on charity. That is a matter of sentiment, and perhaps of absurd sentiment at that, yet it has weight in issues of life and death. It were well to get rid, once and for ever, of the idea of the workhouse as a retreat for the destitute. Let us, in fact, get rid of the notion of charitable institutions altogether. In their place they are good and have rendered excellent service in the cause of humanity, but they cannot long, nor at best effectively, cope with distress so widespread that it may all too truly be called national. The problem the real statesman of these days is called on to solve is not how to feed and clothe the indigent out of the public money, but how to give them an opportunity of earning their own living. That is the crux of the whole question. I am not stating it triumphantly, nor with the gusto of a discoverer. It is easy to point out the evil, but difficult to name a remedy; where so many have failed, I do not hope to succeed; nor is there space here to "put" my case even if I should chance to



THE INFLOW OF RURAL POPULATION.

have one. Yet I may, perhaps, venture an opinion as well as another. It seems to me, then, that there are two ways in which something might be done to relieve necessitous districts, which are principally urban districts. The first is to prevent, as far as possible, the senseless inflow of our rural population to cities which has been going on for several years. The second is a thorough and comprehensive scheme of emigration. There are difficulties in both cases. Hodge likes to manage his own business, and is impatient of interference; yet if he were clearly informed how much worse poverty is in large towns than in the country, he might be led to consider, and of two evils to choose the lesser. As things are now, he rushes into cities expecting to get plenty of work and good wages and, as often happens, finds neither work nor wages. Then begins a struggle which, growing more and more bitter as it proceeds, ends in destitution and degradation, and of late with increasing frequency in the coroner's court. Much of this misery, despair and shame might be obviated if the best were made of the original circumstances in the country. As to the plan of emigration, while it presents formidable obstacles, I think it is feasible, and, if managed with energy and intelligence, would yield excellent results. But the first condition of success would be that it be kept out of private hands. If there were a general agreement between the mother country and the colonies, prosperous homes might be found for thou-

sands who are now homeless, and the empire materially strengthened. In the past, emigration has failed to give satisfaction because it has been a haphazard affair. Some of the colonies, indeed, aided emigrants, but the aid was intermittent, and therefore ineffectual. Under an imperial and colonial scheme, such as I suggest, care would be taken, by properly qualified persons, to select emigrants according to the needs of undeveloped or partially developed countries beyond the seas. The square man would not be put into the round hole: the tailor would not be chosen to hold the plough, nor the ploughman to prick his fingers with a needle, as is the case under the present system. Those who are acquainted with the extent, the richness and variety of the British Empire will never doubt that within its boundaries work and food enough and to spare may be had for our unemployed were they twice as numerous as they are. But the expeditions in search of prosperity must be led by real captains of industry, and not by casual bunglers as in the past.

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All who have any knowledge of Fleet Street and its traditions will read with avidity Mr. Joseph Hatton's chatty articles on the "Pens and Pencils of the Press" now appearing in this magazine. Mr. Hatton probably knows as much as most men about that singular kingdom of Bohemia whence issue so many mandates and counsels for the benefit of the world at large. Moreover, few journalists are so well qualified as he to write about one of the really few fascinating professions in existence; for he has studied literature as well as journalism, and has himself made several notable contributions to fiction. His style, too, is light and jaunty, and he manages the first personal pronoun with discretion. This last is no small merit. We of the Fourth Estate take a considerable share in the government of the world; but sometimes, it is to be feared, we exaggerate our own importance in the economy of the universe. It is well known that Fleet Street



journalists direct the policy of kings and ministers of State; there are times when they feel that they could also tender useful advice to Providence. When these temerarious gentlemen turn the mighty "We" into the still mightier "I," mankind listen to the tooting of a very big horn indeed. Mr. Hatton by no means avoids the "I"—why should he in a time of universal egotism?—but he does not obtrude it unpleasantly, and, unlike some of his brethren, he refrains from taking himself as his theme. On the contrary, his theme is as wide and as interesting as journalism, and his treatment makes it live for us. He has not proceeded far yet; but he has done enough to give a foretaste of the feast that is to come.

\* \* \*

When the romance of Fleet Street comes to be written in full, when some Dickens or Macaulay takes up the task of relating the history of the marvellous thoroughfare—the most interesting, in many respects, in the wide world—there will be reading that will entrance multitudes of men in many lands. Bohemia is surely the most fascinating kingdom in existence; its denizens gather together from the ends of the earth, and a motley population they are. It is a place of dazzling successes and heart-breaking failures, of side-splitting comedies and blasting tragedies; the sublime and the ridiculous alternate in the most incongruous manner in it; and, in the midst of desolation and despair, it preserves an infectious light-heartedness. Yet how grim are its realities when we probe a little behind the scenes! How many men of fine talent—aye, and of genius—have gone down irrevocably in its whirlpools!

De Quincey, not without reason, called Oxford Street

a stony-hearted stepmother; what a step-mother has Fleet Street proved to many a shining intelligence? We hear of the brilliant triumphs; we are seldomer made aware of the dark tragedies through which strong men sink with appalling suddenness into the grave. I notice that in the first article Mr. Hatton dwells on the lighter side of pressland, but I hope he will not omit the deep shadows that form such a contrast, were it only to warn the unwary and the deluded from too fondly seeking happiness where so many find misery. Life, according to a sage once greatly esteemed, is a lottery; in no quarter does it take that seductive and fatal form so emphatically as within the purlieus of pressland. Doubtless Mr. Hatton will make this abundantly manifest in the course of his sketches.

\* \* \*

I am glad to learn from Mr. William Archer that the English theatre is in a flourishing condition. There are those among us who presume to think the contrary, but Mr. Archer (who ought to know a good deal about the matter) is emphatic in declaring that never was the stage so prosperous as it is now. This will be consoling to many people who needed to be assured. Mr. Archer goes further,

too, than the question of mere commercial success. The theatre might be a gold mine and yet fail in its higher functions. We have all heard of the prodigious difficulties that beset the path of the young dramatist yearning "to do good work." He begins by a stout resolution to proceed strictly on the lines of "the true and the beautiful:" he will put poetry and character and observation and other high and sublime qualities into his work; and he will not deviate a hair's breadth from his ideal for mortal



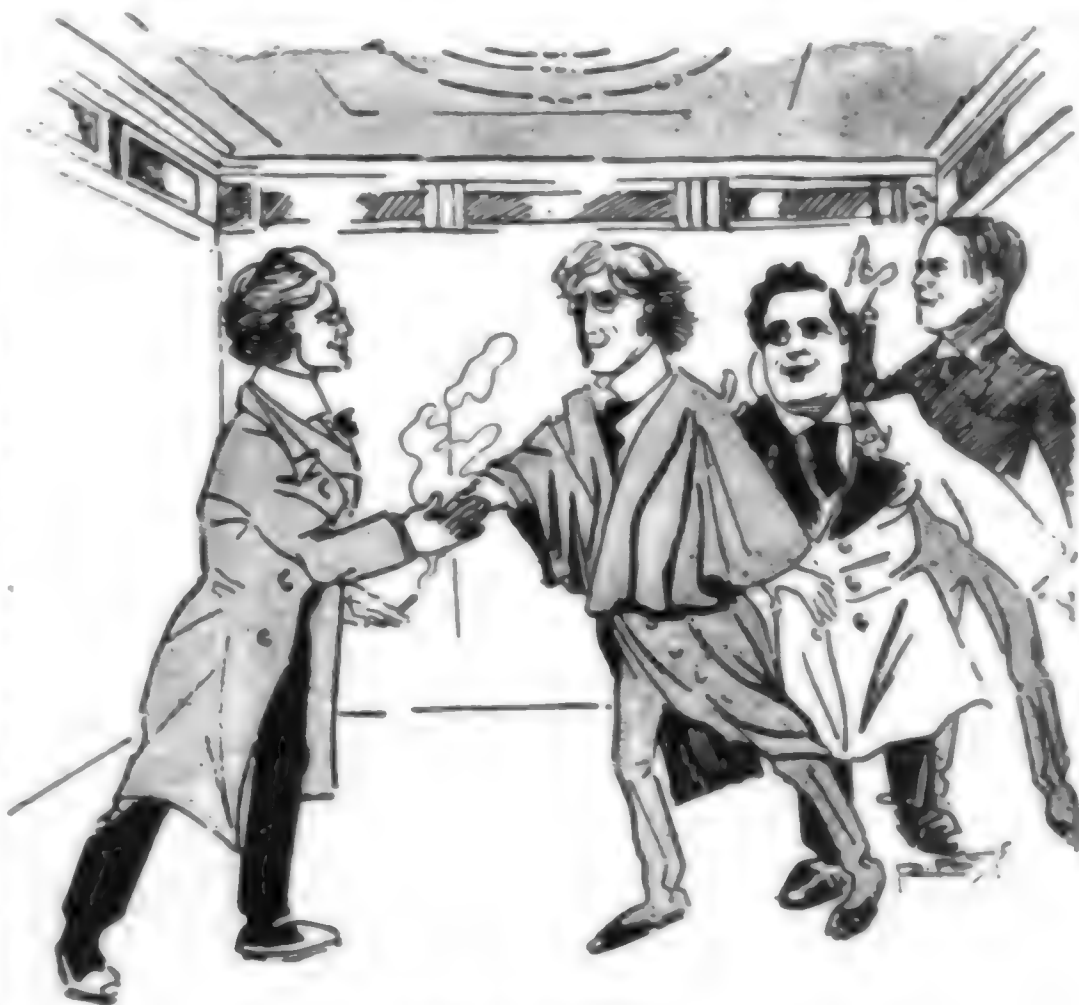
DIRECT THE POLICY OF KINGS.

man. What the gods cherish that will he produce. After infinite labour in carrying out his high purpose a drama "worthy of Shakespeare, sir," is at length ready and is sent to the best theatre in London to be considered. The jaunty manager opens the packet, throws the manuscript into a drawer full of seedy companions, and straightway forgets it. By-and-by a timid letter comes from the poet reminding the jaunty manager that such and such a play had been sent for his kind and courteous consideration and venturing to hope that it has been found suitable. "Suitable!" says the manager, with a sarcastic laugh, "does the fellow imagine I'm a fool? Suitable! Yes, exceedingly when stamps are enclosed for return postage." And the poet gets his sublime production back, with, perhaps, a word of counsel on gush and commonsense, and a hint that it is pure waste of time to write worthless dramas. That has been the popular notion of the fate of plays by unknown men. But Mr. Archer shatters it utterly. The promising playwright, he assures us, has excellent chances at present from both managers and public. The former are eager to secure a vital thing and the latter ready to applaud it. Theatre-goers are rousing themselves to an interest in human nature, and the man who delineates it with a strong and fearless hand will not have long to wait for his reward. The good play succeeds, the bad one dies a speedy and an inglorious death. This is very pleasant, very encouraging. One feels disposed to lay all other concerns aside, write the good play for which all the managers in London are watching, and seize fame at a leap. One is made to pause, however, by a recollection of the extraordinary number of disappointed dramatists that are about just now. Why have they failed? Because, Mr. Archer may answer, they have no talent. Not so fast, please. Has it not happened that some of the most successful of recent plays had to go to many managers, seeking favour and finding none? and when finally accepted have they not, in several instances, been taken with an air of charity? Perhaps

Mr. Archer can answer these questions. I am glad to have his word for it that the best work succeeds best; but I must say that he has scarcely proved his statement.

\* \* \*

All lovers of books will prick up their ears at the mention of a new edition of Hawthorne's works. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" never did, and never will, appeal to the crowd; but his popularity has always been high among readers imbued with a real taste for literature, and of late years has been rapidly extending. In his own sphere Hawthorne is unapproached, and perhaps unapproachable. He may be a trifle morbid at times; but



EAGER TO SECURE.

none will question his power both of intellect and imagination, nor deny the subtle fascination he exercises over the reader's mind and sympathies. Lowell said that we should as soon have another Shakespeare as another Hawthorne. He did not, of course, mean to rank the poet and the romancer side by side; but rather that the peculiar excellences of the one were as little likely to be reproduced as the peculiar excellences of the other. Hawthorne would never do for the patrons of the newspaper syndicate. They would lose themselves amid his psychological intricacies, and the charm of his style would not move them. But he has his admirers, nevertheless, and to them the announcement that



Mr. Walter Scott is bringing out a new edition of "The Master's" works will be a matter of interest and curiosity. At the time of writing only the first volume, "The Scarlet Letter," has appeared. It is attractively got up, though in some minor particulars the publisher has failed to reckon on the fastidiousness of book-buyers with so dainty and delicate an author as Hawthorne. Printed on antique paper, embellished with a photogravure frontispiece, excellent in type, and adorned by a cover designed by Mr. Walter Crane, the little volume is at once pretty and handy. It was a mistake to add advertisements at the end, but even with that blemish, which is a slight one, it will appeal to a wide constituency and make Hawthornites eager to possess the entire edition. The complete works of another American author have just been issued in a charming form, or rather in several charming forms. My readers have probably come across the productions of the Oxford University Press. Such as have had that pleasure will understand that the "Complete Works of Longfellow," just published by that famous corporation in its best style, must be very good indeed. The works are in various forms. There is the miniature edition, in six volumes, which, with its India paper and its clear print, is a marvel of bookmaking; and there is the single volume edition, which, though running to close upon nine hundred pages, is only some three-quarters of an inch in thickness. I have had a good many books of divers descriptions through my hands; but I do not think I have ever seen anything more exquisite in get-up than this Oxford edition of Longfellow. One's only regret is that all the beauty of type and paper was not bestowed upon some worthier poet. But Longfellow is, no doubt, one of the first favourites of the century. Not many books of note by English authors have been

issued since our last survey. There has been the usual rush of Christmas works—tales of wild adventure and picture books for children—but these seldom take a permanent place in literature. They are read, laid aside and forgotten. Among the more important works are the "Story of Two Noble Lives," by A. J. C. Hare (George Allen), and "Russia's March Towards India," by an Indian Officer (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) Both are in a sense political works—at least, they have a distinct political bearing; but both also appeal to the general reader by reason of their vividness and variety. Another book that has attracted attention is Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life and Times of the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P." (W. Blackwood). Few men of his generation showed more sterling qualities than the late Mr. W. H. Smith, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's lively account of his career deserves to find many readers. To business men it may be specially recommended as showing to what eminence the cardinal virtues tact, push and principle will carry a man.

### DRAMATIC NOTES.

BY FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

JANUARY opened with frost and snow, and the result has been that bad business has been very often the order of the day, or rather night.

Of course Drury Lane has been packed both by day and night, the attraction being "Robinson Crusoe," the fifteenth pantomime produced by that master of his art, Sir Augustus Harris. Every year it is admitted that Sir Augustus has excelled all his former efforts, and this time has reached the pinnacle of success. Last year I said this, and remarked that the difficulty next time would be not to excel—that would be an impossibility—but to produce



another pantomime equal to it. This year Sir Augustus, I must admit, has given one better, and nothing finer has ever been seen within the walls of Old Drury Lane. Dame Rumour said, last year, that the Lane was doomed, and that last year's pantomime, the best then, was a fitting climax to the many successes that had first seen light behind the foot-lights there. Since then Sir Augustus, having come to an amicable arrangement with the Duke of Bedford, has obtained a renewal of the lease, and Old



*Ada Blanche*

Drury Lane will remain for many years to come, what it has always been, the national theatre.

The first scene is the Port of Hull with a large troopship lying at the quay, where at once we are taken into the heart and plot of the story. Will Atkins, a ferocious pirate, is in love with Polly Perkins, and is loved by Mrs. Crusoe, while Polly loves Robinson, son of the afore-said mentioned Mrs. Crusoe. The course of true love never did run smooth, so Robinson, seeing he has no chance (at present) of winning Polly goes

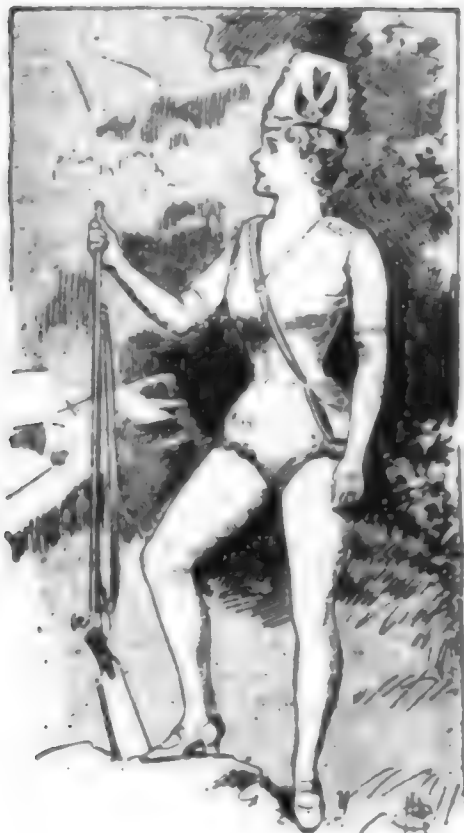


MR HERBERT CAMPBELL.

[Photo. b.]

[De Fontaine, Brighton.





MISS ADA BLANCHE (ROBINSON CRUSOE).



DAN LENO (MRS. CRUSOE).



MADAME D'AUBAN (PRINCESS KOKO).

off in the troopship, which, of course, gets wrecked. Some marvellous mechanical stage contrivance then takes us to the bottom of the sea, where we are presented with the first of Sir Augustus's wonderful shows, in the "Fish Ballet." This being over, the next scene brings us back to England. Here an amusing scene takes place, Pretty Polly Perkins goes to bed, and by some fortunate accident Mrs. Crusoe and she change places. Enter Will Atkins to abduct his dear Polly, but the mother is taken instead, much to Will Atkins' disgust, who returns her, saying he "has taken the wrong parcel." Scene 7 brings us to a beautiful set, "The Golden Reef" off Crusoe's island. Here, again, an exceptionally fine ballet is given, and a procession of savages, with elephants, giraffes, etc.

Then Robinson turns up and discovers Friday, as impersonated by that inimitable comedian, "Little Tich." During this scene we are given a great amount of genuine pantomime and fun, Messrs. Brown, Newland and Leclercq being responsible for a great deal of it. Everything ends happily, and the wonderful combination comes to a close. But though the senses have been satiated with all these beauties and wonders, more and greater are yet to follow. Drury Lane would be incomplete without some gorgeous procession, so we have the history of England in twenty minutes. A magnificent display, accurately and gorgeously costumed, of the Kings and Queens of England from William the First down to the present days of grace of Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. This procession

is alone worth a visit. Its splendour and its instructiveness have to be seen to be duly and properly appreciated, the grand finale displaying Her Majesty seated on the throne, surrounded by the Royal Family being a fitting ending to a triumphant pageant. After this, of course, we have the Harlequinade, with dear old Harry Payne as clown once more. The scenery by Messrs. Caney, Harker, Ryan and Perkins is all beautiful and excellent. The music



EDWARD II.



EDWARD III.



QUEEN MARY (TUDOR).



MR. DEANE BRAND.

Photo. by]

[Elliott and Fry.

composed and arranged by Mr. J. M. Glover is merry, tuneful and mirth-provoking. Mr. D'Auban is, I believe, responsible for the ballets, and the whole production is a credit to that most excellent of stage managers, Mr. Arthur Collins.

The artists are good and work heartily and well, Miss Marie Lloyd, as Polly Perkins, being as pretty and pert as ever.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS.

Miss Ada Blanche makes a handsome and bonny Robinson Crusoe, and acts throughout with verve and brilliancy. Mr. Dan Leno, as Mrs. Crusoe, is as excruciatingly funny as ever, and his make-up is quainter and uglier, if such could be. That old favourite, Herbert Campbell, as the bold buccaneer or pitiless pirate, Will Atkins, is fearfully and wonderfully dressed and contributes in no small measure to make the success of the production. Little Tich, as Man Friday, also deserves a special word of praise for his comicalities. Needless to say the dancing of Princess Koko (Emma D'Auban) is graceful and charming, and that



MISS KATE CHARD.

Photo. by]

[Van der Weyde.

Sir Augustus has succeeded in gathering together a galaxy of beauty for his ballets and choruses seldom seen on one stage. The final words to be said about the pantomime of 1893-4 are success and again success.

The Lyceum, long associated with the names of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and classical productions, has this year, during the temporary absence of the usual inhabitants, given way to fairy pantomime, and what a delightful fairy pantomime it is to be sure. Cinderella is the piece, and the daintiest and prettiest of fairies in the person of Miss Ellaline Terriss enacts the title rôle. I would I could describe in adequate and suitable words the charm of



this production of Cinderella. Miss Kate Chard, too, brings her charms and cultured voice to the assistance of Mr. Oscar Barrett's production; and how charmingly she does sing! Again Mr. Deane Brand, with his well-trained vocalism, lends powerful aid to the success of the entertainment. What a pleasure it is to have these two genuine artists and to listen to the rendering of the lyrics apportioned to them.

Though Mr. Oscar Barrett has scored such a success with this new venture at the Lyceum, he by no means has forgotten his old friends and patrons at Sydenham, for "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Crystal Palace, is also a huge success. The scenery is elaborate and excellent, particularly so is the grand transformation scene, entitled "The Home of the Fairy of the Harp," painted by the talented Mr. I. Pritchard Barrett. Tuneful also is the music, composed and arranged by the equally talented father, Mr. Oscar Barrett.

Miss Edith Bruce makes a charming and bright Jack, and Scarlet-Runner is admirably played by Miss Kitty Loftus, who also charms every one by the nimble way she foots it in her several dances.

As if these pantomimes were not enough, the Christmas and New Year attractions have been many and wonderful. Constantinople, opened at Olympia on Boxing-day, was crowded to excess, no fewer than thirty-two thousand having passed the turnstiles in the two shows. The entertainment has been pronounced by one and all to be an unqualified success. I trust to be able to give a full description of this gigantic show, with pictures, next month.

At the Tivoli Mr. Vernon Dowsett, the genial and able manager, has succeeded in producing one of what he terms the wonders of the age, in the shape of Mahomet, the calculating horse. And truly, this horse is a wonder: whether he is trained and educated, or his performance is



only trickery, I know not, and further, I don't want to know. This I do say, that the handsome and noble animal calculates, I might say guesses and calculates, in a most marvellous manner and laughs, deliberately laughs. In fact he does everything except actually speak. The bill at the Tivoli at present is an exceptionally strong one, and Mr. Dowsett is rewarded for his excellent and judicious catering by packed houses nightly.



Photo. by] MR. VERNON DOWSETT. [Alfred Ellis.

Up at the Agricultural Hall things have also been lively during January. The World's Fair has been in full swing, and what a mixture it is to be sure. All the fun of the fair is there and don't the Islingtonians enjoy themselves there? It is pleasing, at least some people might think it so, to hear about a dozen steam organs playing different tunes in different times simultaneously, while at the same time cornets are braying and drums beating. All this blends in one harmonious whole, and

after hearing it, one realises what music is. Yet it is a show well worth seeing. Boxing wild animals, peep-shows, performing beasts, wonderful wax works, performing dogs and cats, pantomimes, etc., all to be seen. Then the biggest attraction of all is the marvellous performance on the flying trapèze of the Flying Dillons. That the



THE FLYING DILLONS.

whole performance of this trio is excellent and perfect is well known, but the feat of one brother blind-folding himself and placing a sack over his head prior to his flying from his trapèze, catching his brother's hands in mid-air and then regaining his own trapèze, is a performance that must be witnessed to be realised.

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Nov. 28th, 1893.

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Yours faithfully,

MABEL BEDDOE.

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# ❖ Puzzledom ❖

## 92. A Cryptogram.

Aovb hya aol zahy aoha nbpkiz tl hsvun spml'z ayvbislk zlh;  
Dohalcly mhal ilapklz tl, aopz olhya zapss abyuz av aoll.

## 93. Name the various fruits which occur in the following verses:—

Go range through every clime where'er  
The patriot muse appears;  
He deeds of valour antedates,  
His ban an army fears.

By midnight lamp each poet soul  
Is plumed for flight sublime;  
Pale monarch moon and shining stars  
Witness his glowing rhyme.

Incited by the muse man goes  
To grapple with his wrongs;  
The poet cares not who make laws  
If he may make his songs.

## 94. My 1, 2, 7 is the conclusion.

My 3, 4, 5, 7 means cheerful.

My 5, 2, 3, 1, 4 is in heaven.

My 4, 5, 6, 7 is the earth.

My whole is a well-known country.

## Conundrums.

95. What weed is most like a rent in a garment?

96. What relationship is that child to its own father who is not  
its own father's son?

97. What word of six letters contains six words beside itself,  
without transposing a letter?

98. Why are the pages of a book like the days of a man?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th February. Competitions should be addressed "February Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

85. Stone.

86. Her Son.

87. Necessity is the mother of invention.

88. A Hole.

89. Because he is let out at night and  
taken in in the morning.

90. Don't pay your water rate.

91. One is rocked in the cradle, the other  
is cradled in the rock.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our December Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—  
A. J. Cockell, 12 Stanley Road, Wimbledon; J. C. Cooper, 348, Fulham Road, S.W.;  
Miss MacRae, Braeside, Copers Cope Road, New Beckenham, Kent; E. J. Piper,  
Copthorne, Shrewsbury; Miss A. V. Stone, 18, Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone.